THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIX.—No. 1412
JANUARY 7, 1931
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SPECIAL WINTER SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHS

The BYSTANDER

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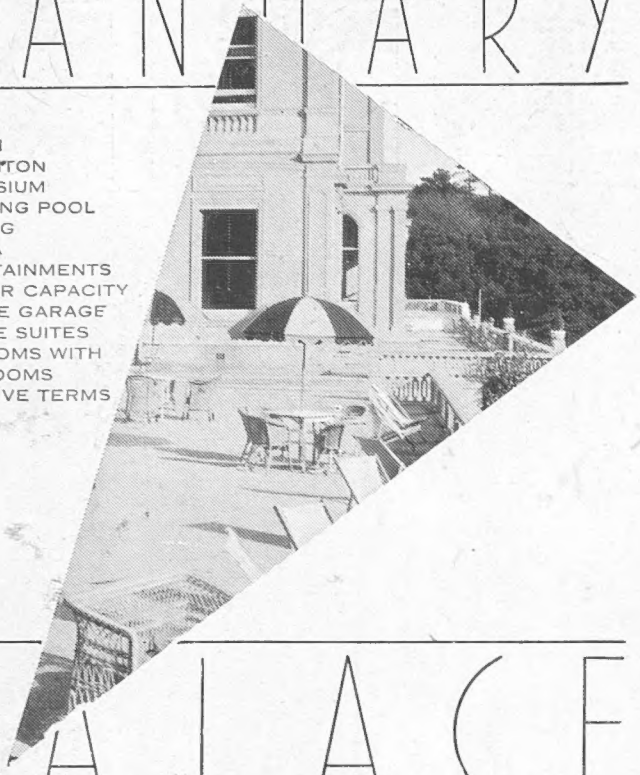

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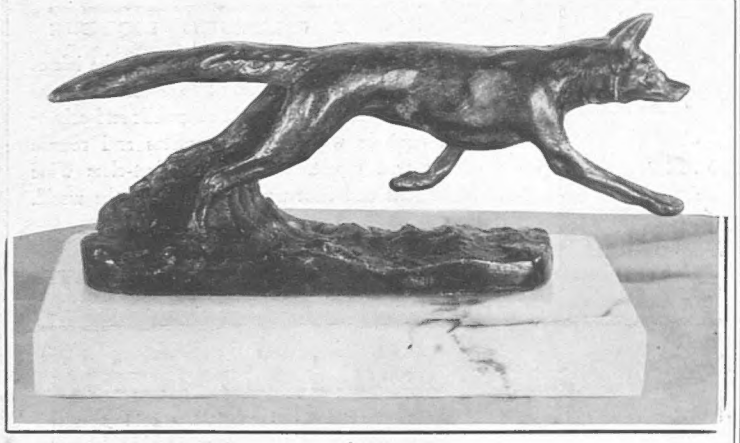
TORQUAY



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Basle.—Grand Hotel Victoria-National.
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Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Entirely up to date. New management. Former prices reduced.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathrooms. Inc. terms, Frs. 13 to 18.

Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.—Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant-Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Lenzerheide.—Hotel Danis. 4,870 ft. a.s.l. 1st. cl. fam. and sp. hot. Avoid E. wind in Feb. & Mar. and enjoy sun in Lenzerheide.

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St. Moritz.—Hotel la Margna. Distinguished Family Hotel. Every Comfort. Moderate Terms. Band. E. Ulli, Manager.

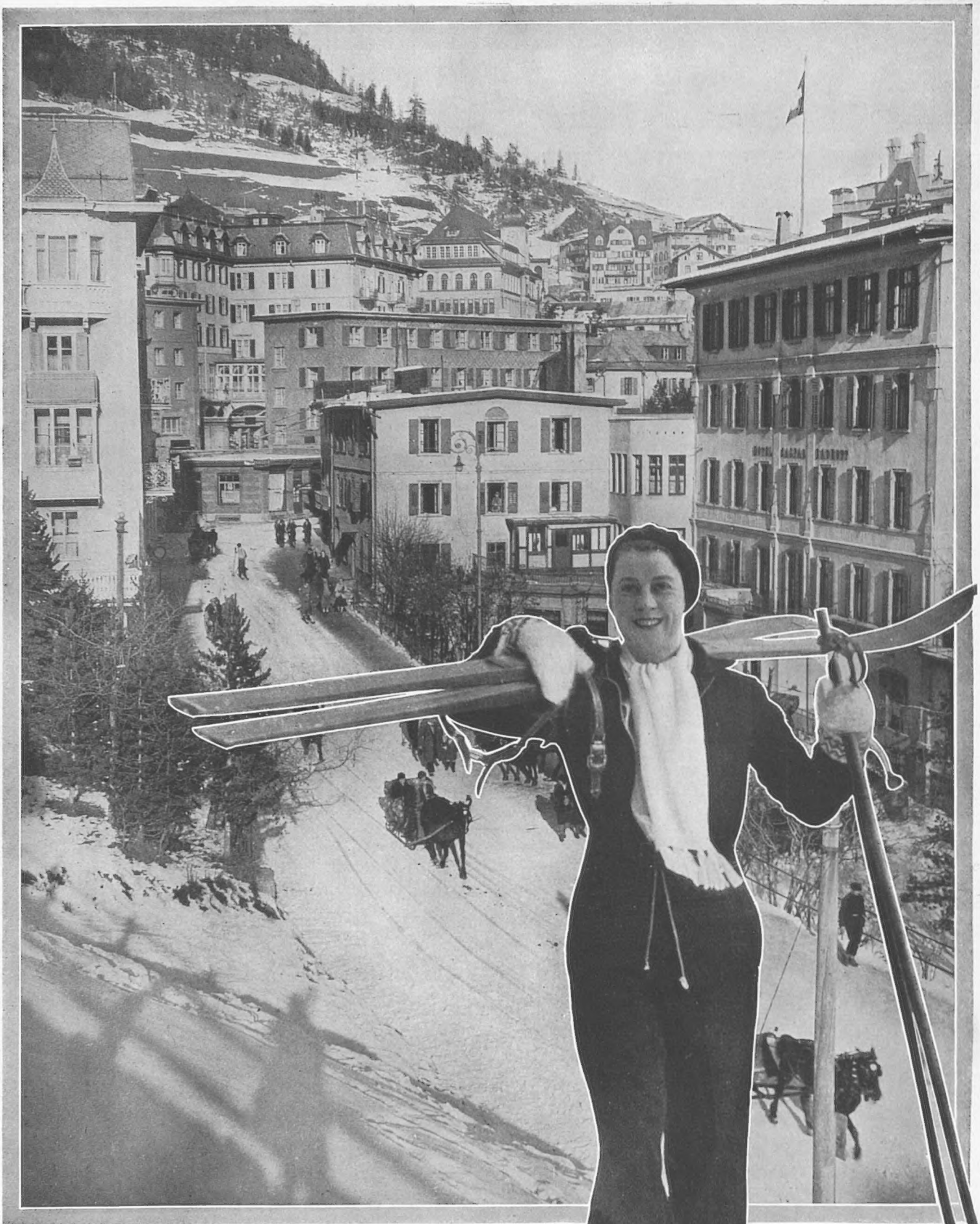
The Bystander, January 7, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1412. Vol. CIX

THE HON. DIANA FELLOWES

The only sister of Lord de Ramsey, of Ramsey Abbey, Huntingdonshire, who has been visiting the Earl and Countess of Ossory at Kilkenny Castle for the hunting. The De Ramseys are among the oldest Catholic families in the country



WINTER SPORTS IN SNOWY SWITZERLAND

A general view of St. Moritz, the famous winter sports centre, now filling rapidly with visitors to Switzerland. The smiling lady in the foreground is Miss Beatrice Lillie, the famous actress, who is enjoying a rest from her stage work and taking a holiday at St. Moritz. A special Swiss Skating Supplement will be found on pages 21—24

the passing hour

Miss Dodo Watts, the film star (left), Lady (Hamilton) Grant, Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale and Princess George Imeretinsky in the headdresses they will wear when selling programmes at the Midnight Gala performance of the new British International picture, "The Love Habit," at the Plaza on January 8, in aid of the St. Luke's Day Nursery. The programme will include a number of stage stars

Sasha

THE New Year Honours were not very exciting on the whole. There had been a great deal of talk about actors getting knighted, and everyone wondered who on earth it would be. The partiality for art of the Labour Party was well illustrated by the O.M. given to Mr. Steer, Richard Sickert's great friend, and the knighthood given to Professor Rothenstein. Apropos Sickert, I only heard the other day that he spent his early years in Munich. In those days he had curly hair, and on one occasion, at the age of eight, went through a mock marriage with a little girl called Lily von Ranke, the niece of the famous historian. But this is digression.

LAWN tennis has received its first knight in the person of Mr. Herbert Wilberforce, Chairman of the London Sessions and the Chairman and Past President of the All England Lawn Tennis Club. Mr. Wilberforce can probably remember the days when the rules were first drawn up, and only by one deciding vote was it ordained that the lawn tennis net should be level and not cut in curves—the idea being that the skilful player would direct the ball over the net at the lowest points, thus benefiting by his ability to steer it accurately. That was nearly half a century ago, however.

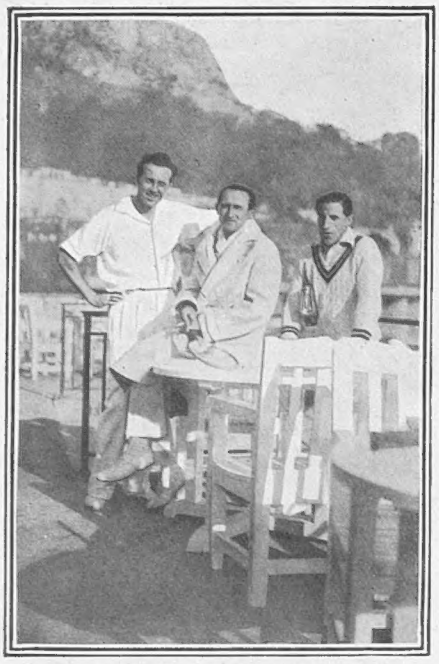
IT will be interesting to speculate on the titles likely to be chosen by the new peers—Sir Ernest Lamb, Sir John Hindley, Sir William Plender, and Sir Ernest Rutherford. The first named might become Lord Hornsea, after the Yorkshire village of his birth. Sir John Hindley might become Lord Sea View—that, at least, is where he lives. But it is almost easier to be made a peer than to take a title that does not belong to someone else, or does not involve using a name that is the property of the lord of some manor.

Glorious summer-like weather is being experienced on the Riviera where scenes more typical of August than January are being witnessed. The pretty bather enjoying a stroll at Nice provides a marked contrast to the snowy scenes on the opposite page

IF the New Year honours do not show much imagination, it may be said, on the other hand, that the bright young things made the welkin ring on New Year's Eve. I have never seen clubs, restaurants and hotels so crowded as they were on that night. There was a general feeling of relief that 1930 was dead and gone, and that 1931, at all events, could not be worse than its predecessor, and may be a good bit better, since the present Government cannot last much longer with or without Mr. Lloyd George's permission.

QUAGLINO'S had one of its merriest of merry evenings, enhanced by the presence of Royalty. At the Kit-Cat they had the best New Year's Eve which even that gay restaurant has ever experienced. At the May Fair Hotel Ambrose's orchestra played to a very happy crowd, with tables spread out far beyond the restaurant itself; and at midnight little Betty Percheron stepped out of a drum carried by a hefty Highlander while the piper played strains of "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?" The Piccadilly Hotel gave its guests perhaps the most original show in London, for at midnight with a blare of trumpets a live elephant padded out on to the dance floor and presented guests with toy

ON THE SUNNY RIVIERA



Three leading lights of the Monte Carlo Country Club. They are Eric Wurm (left), the Danish lawn tennis champion, Prince Schaumberg-Lippe, a very keen player, and Vladimir Sandau, brother of the famous Russian dancer, Mlle. Nikitina

Miss Doris Chapman, one of the best-known members of Monte Carlo society, photographed after a game at the Monte Carlo Country Club. Her French bulldog, "Peggy," accompanies her everywhere

Sir James and Lady Dunn with Lady "Pat" Douglas and Anne Dunn. They are seen on the terrace of their lovely villa at Cap Ferrat, where they are spending some weeks

elephants, while valuable favours were distributed to the guests, including a Houbigant golden gift casket which the ladies greatly appreciated. The new restaurant, Hector's, was also crowded, and souvenirs in the shape of photographs taken on the night were presented to all present. At the Metropole at midnight they piped in the New Year while chefs carried round the ballroom live sucking pigs. Romano's, in the Strand, which is rapidly recovering its old Bohemian clientèle, also enjoyed a record evening.

THERE was no nonsense about the arrangements at the Chelsea Arts Ball. As soon as a move was made to upset one of the processions, six policemen swiftly made their way to the scene of the intended disturbance, and all was quiet again. It really might have been a Policemen's Benefit Night indeed. There were police at every entrance to the dance floor. What pleased me in particular, following my suggestion in THE BYSTANDER the other day, was the fact that men were forbidden to dress up as women. This was an admirable rule, which ought to be followed at all fancy dress dances, and I congratulate the Chelsea Arts Club on continuing their wise veto.

Hay Wrightson

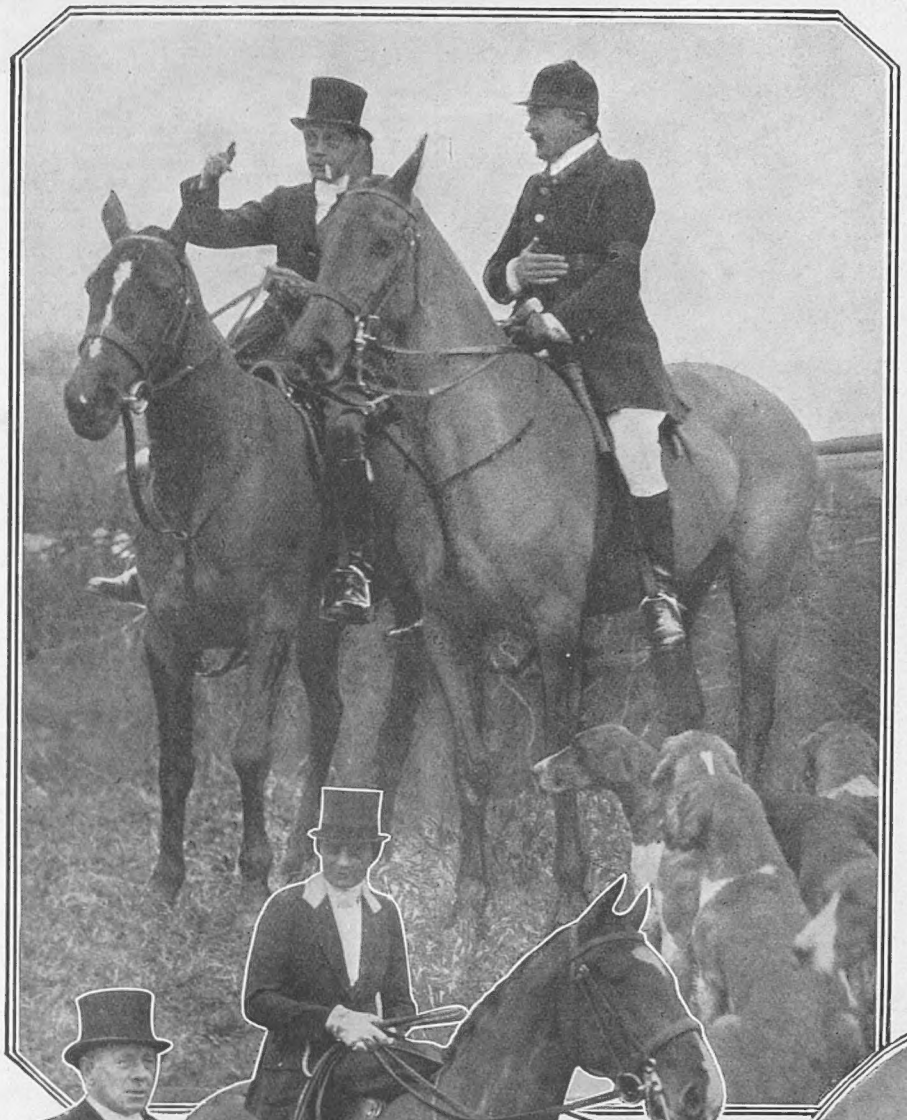
MISS HELEN WARD

The second daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Cyril Ward, R.N., and of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, whose engagement to Lord Stavordale has been announced. Her fiancé, who is an officer in the Royal Horse Guards, is the son and heir of the Earl of Ilchester

FRANKLY, I had expected it to be a rowdy night, but, with the exception of one box in which the party were all dressed up as firemen, it was most orderly. This box was so high-spirited, however, that there was always a small knot of people watching it from below. Armed with their firemen's axes, the men seemed to be breaking all the crockery and glass in the box. On one occasion a man fell out of the box—which was on the grand tier—on top of two innocent people below. Another woman was drenched with a soda water siphon. Altogether this party, most of whose faces are well known to readers of THE BYSTANDER, had their money's worth.

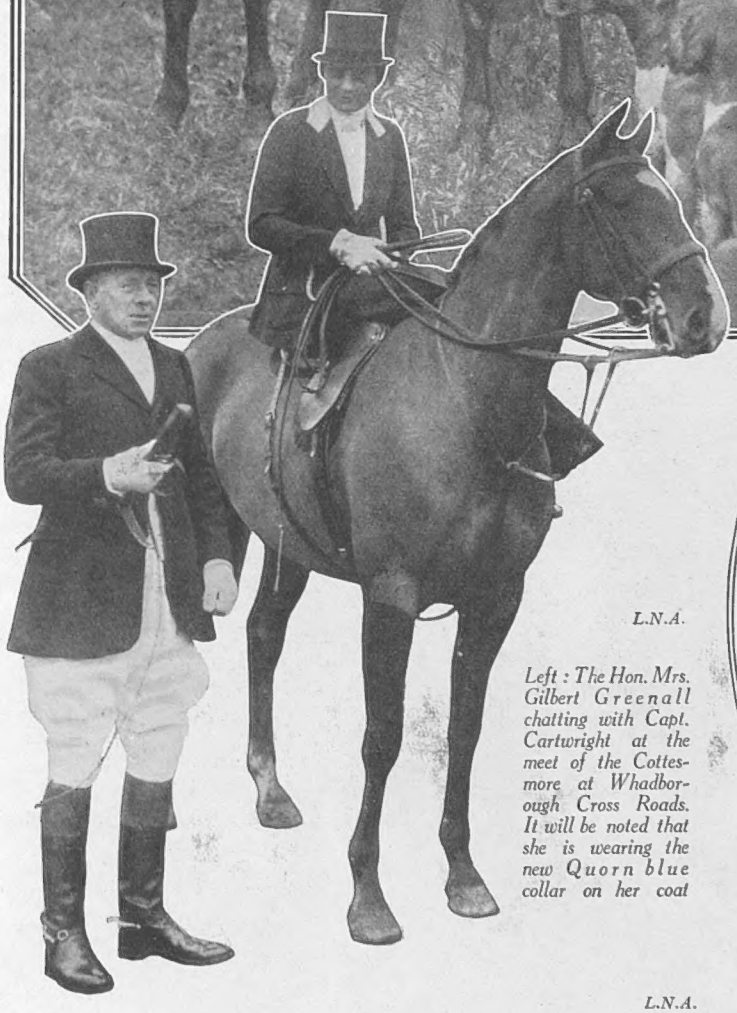
SPEAKING generally, it was a most successful ball, though I did not see many familiar faces. I did catch sight, however, of Lady Portarlington and Mr. Oliver Messell, as well as of Mr. Norman Hartnell and Colonel Moore-Brabazon, wonderfully disguised in a slouch hat and a big brown beard. The processions, particularly that of the Chrysalis and the Butterflies, were very pretty, and, though I did not arrive in time to hear the booming of midnight relayed from Big Ben by the British Movietone News, I am told that it was most successful, a proof that enjoyment and rowdiness are not synonymous terms.

WITH THE PRINCE AND OTHERS IN THE HUNTING FIELD



Central Press

Lady Rosemary Brudenell-Bruce, the younger daughter of the Marquess of Ailesbury, who was bitten by a staghound which went mad whilst hunting in Savernake Forest.



L.N.A.

Left: The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall chatting with Capt. Cartwright at the meet of the Cottesmore at Whadborough Cross Roads. It will be noted that she is wearing the new Quorn blue collar on her coat

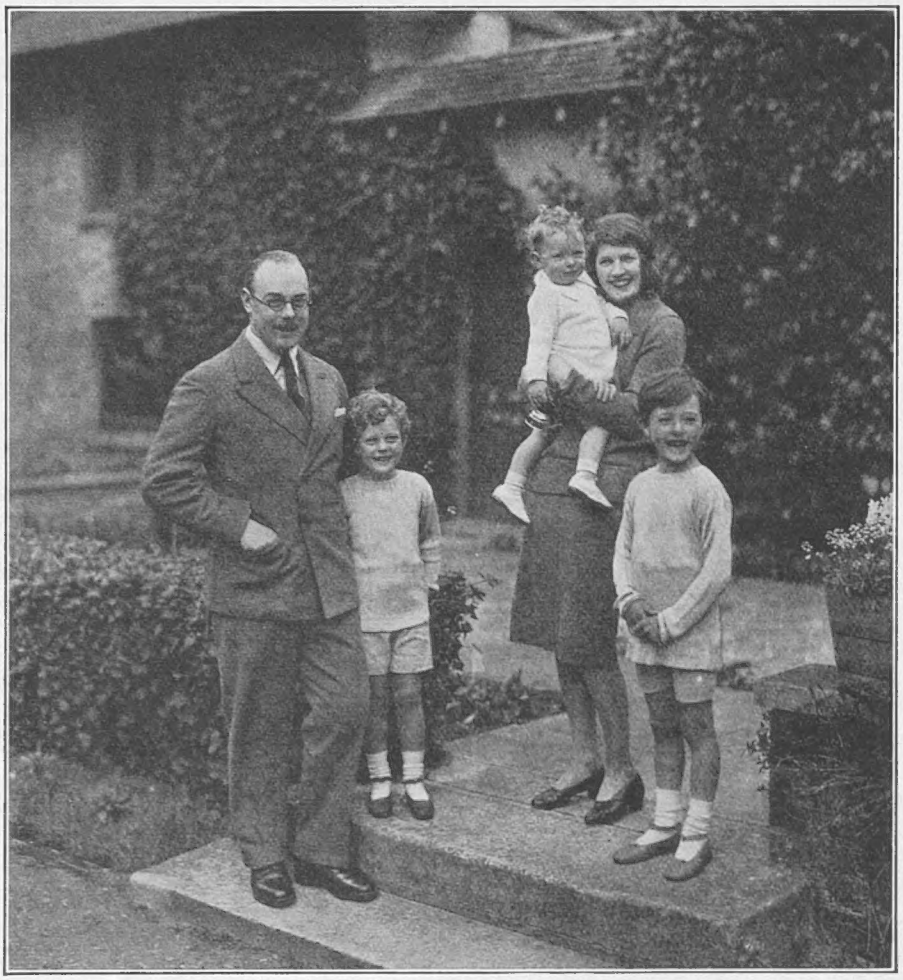
L.N.A.

The Prince of Wales has resumed his hunting activities, and in the upper photograph he is seen with Mr. W. J. Baird, M.F.H., at a meet of the Cottesmore at Whadborough Cross Roads

L.N.A.

The Prince of Wales out with the Quorn recently. He is seen ready for a day's sport at the meet which took place at Hatcliffe Hall, Leicestershire

THE PRINCES IN THE HUNTING FIELD



A photograph taken at Woodfalls, near Romsey, of Lord Melchett, who succeeded to the Barony on the death of his father last month, with Lady Melchett and their children, Julian (left), Karis and Derek. Lady Melchett is the only daughter of Mr. Edward John Wilson, of Parktown, Johannesburg

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

BENZOL was brought from Yorkshire to Newbury and had a confident following for a Selling Hurdle Race. Was shouted home in the straight but failed to keep up the pace. Losses should be recovered.

TWO ROYALS must be noted as a likely winner next time out. Was backed to beat the runaway West Indies.

PRINCE SADIM must have performed with credit at home to warrant the strong support accorded him at Newbury. Was not at home in the heavy going.

MIR KHAN was a strong favourite at Newbury but failed to land the odds. Should win a Selling Steeplechase.

CARBINEER must not be missed for future engagements Has been in the thick of the fight in last two races over hurdles and will pay to follow.

BALLYHANWOOD has been placed twice recently and having noted particularly his brave show in a three miles 'chase against Ballasport at Kempton I look upon him as an early winner.

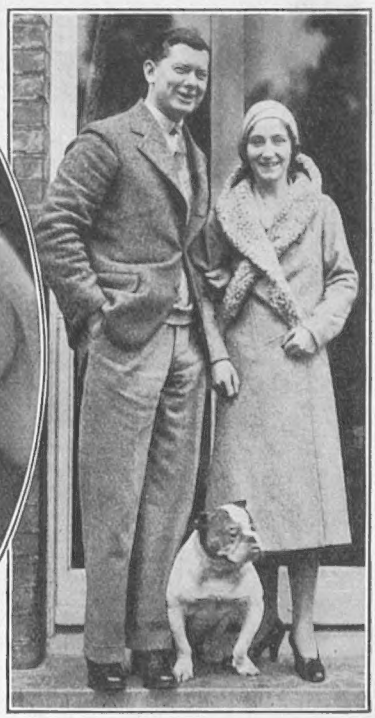
THE PRINCE OF WALES and Prince George attended the meet of the Belvoir, from Burrough Court, as the guests of Lord and Lady Furness. All sorts of rumours have, of course, found their way into print (writes our Hunting Correspondent) anent the manner in which the younger of the Royal sportsmen met with his accident in the field.

As a matter of fact, what really happened was as follows: Hounds had forced their first fox from Hose Thorns, over the Nottingham and Grantham canal, into a waterlogged "ridge and furrow" field. A two-foot ditch running across the centre of the field had been filled by recent heavy rains, and was therefore indistinguishable from the flooded furrows across which the horses were galloping. Prince George's mount put a foot into the drain, turned a complete somersault, and flung its rider heavily on to his right shoulder.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, who was riding close to his brother, was out of the saddle in a moment, and not until he learned that the injuries were not of a very serious nature would he remount and gallop after the field. Prince George, having had his arm strapped up with a stirrup-

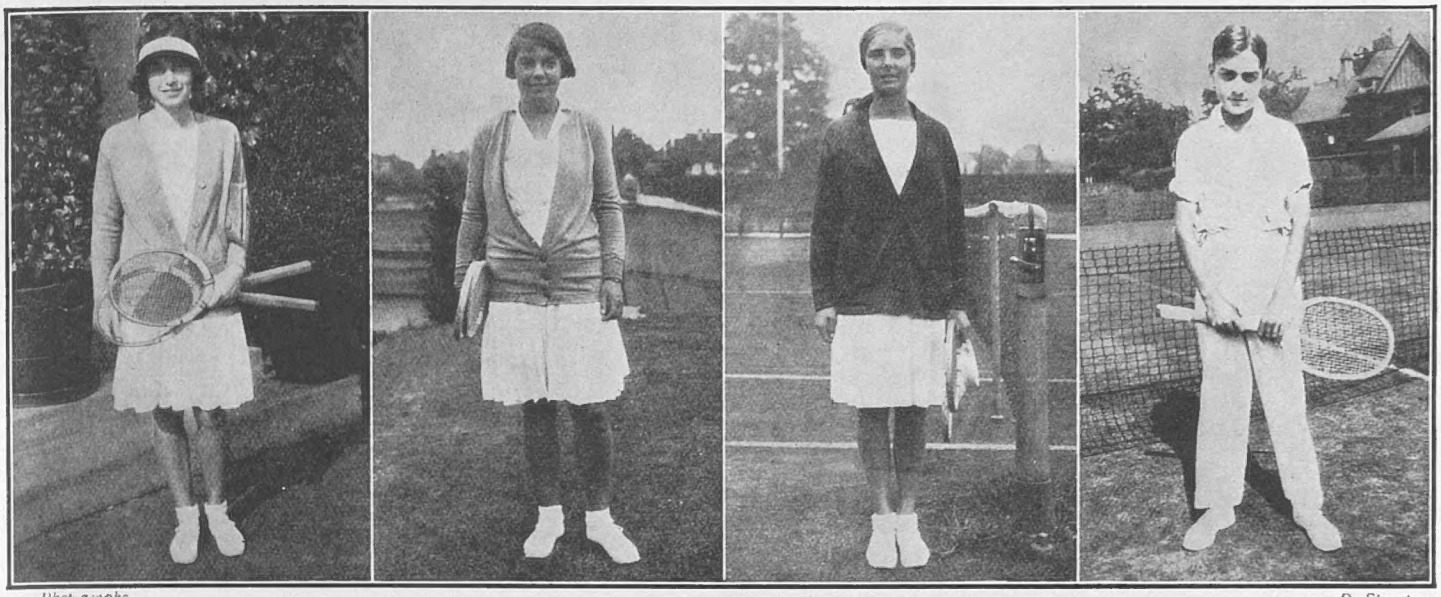
Miss Betty Buckland, the sculptor daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Buckland, with her fiancé, Mr. Norman Erskine Fraser, whom she will marry on February 12. Mr. Fraser is prominent in the music world

Miss Elizabeth Kathleen Greenwell, who is engaged to Lieutenant Roddie Casement, R.N., second son of Rear-Admiral J. M. and Mrs. Casement. She is the third daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Greenwell



Miss Florence Vestey-Jones, a niece of Lord Vestey, of the Blue Star Line, and Mr. Douglas Doree, whose engagement has been announced. They first met each other whilst on a three weeks' cruise to Spitzbergen

LAWN TENNIS STARS OF THE FUTURE



Photographs D. Stuart

MISS PAT BRAZIER MISS MARY WHITMARSH MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS J. A. S. COLLINS

Four young players who reached the semi-finals in the singles at the Dulwich Covered Courts Junior Championships last week. In the final of the girls' singles disappointment was felt at the scratching of Miss Pat Brazier, one of the most promising of our younger players. Miss Mary Whitmarsh and Miss Kathleen E. Stammers both reached the final round, as did J. A. S. Collins, who made an English victory certain by beating the last of the French competitors, C. Offenstadt, with some ease in the semi-final

leather by Mr. W. W. Phillips, who happened to be out with hounds, walked across the fields to Mrs. Harry Beeby's car and was conveyed to Melton War Memorial Hospital, where Dr. Montagu Dixon discovered that the Prince had sustained a dislocated shoulder. It is worthy of note that this is the first bad fall that Prince George has taken in the hunting-field.

WE have been very gay with parties and galas all along the coast, writes our Riviera Correspondent, and there is one advantage about Christmas holiday time out here—you do see young people. The Casino des Ambassadeurs, Cannes, was packed the other day for its thé dansant. Billy Arnold's band got the party spirit, increased its vivacity, and accelerated its time, and it was rather a relief to see quantities of girls and boys literally gobbling ices, instead of the usual elderly but elegant crowd languidly sipping cocktails.

PREVIOUS to this, at the Hôtel des Anglais, the guests on Christmas Day sat down to a dinner of which the following is the menu: Consommé Double Madrilène, Saumon de la Loire Pôché, Sauce Normande, Pommes Nouvelles à la Vapeur, Chaufroix de Grives en Belle-Vue, Asperges Fraîches de Cannes, Sauce Mousseline, Poularde du Houdan à la Broche, Salade Frisette, Christmas Pudding, Brandy Sauce, Mousse aux Fraises des Bois, Bûche de Noël, Friandises, Fruits, Dessert; and it says much for the cuisine that so appetising a meal in no way affected their after-dinner activities.

At Monte Carlo many parties have been given. The Duchess of Sutherland was entertaining Lord and Lady Abingdon at the Café de Paris, while Mr. Tom Webster was apparently the life and soul of his particular party; perhaps he was taking a busman's holiday and caricaturing the other guests. The great event on New Year's Eve was the gala at the Ambassadeurs, Monte Carlo, while the New Carlton proved a fatal temptation to those of us who refuse to go to bed at a reasonable hour.

MRS. DA SILVA was one of the first to open the roulette at the Sporting Club, while Miss Doris Chapman (renowned throughout the Riviera for the quantity and quality of her stories) was gleefully commenting on the fact that

Yevonde

Miss Valerie French, the actress, who is a granddaughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres. She is helping the Hon. Gladys Jessel in the latter's shop in Hanover Square, where hats and objets d'art are sold

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE WEST END:

Some of the hundreds of revellers who saw the New Year in at the Piccadilly Hotel. The West End restaurants and hotels were packed to the doors, and other famous rendezvous, such as the May Fair Hotel, Grosvenor House, the Metropole, and Quaglino's, where Royalty was present, to name but a few, had their tables booked days before

As the clock struck twelve, the New Year was ushered in [illegible] not unnaturally—proved a huge attraction. Among the [illegible] "pickpocket" conjuror, who was in great form, and [illegible] lesques of stage types are so popu[illegible]

Mrs. Babbington Hill and her guests enjoying the New Year celebrations at the Piccadilly Hotel. More people than ever visited hotels, clubs, and restaurants, and the West End was a blaze of revelry indoors and out

in a few minutes' play she had made her entrance fee. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece gave a large dinner party at the club which included Mr. George Broadhurst, the playwright, and his wife.

On the same night the Café de Paris opened with a Grand Gala. It has been entirely redecorated and is the last word in modernity, including a prismatic stage. Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, Lord Rothermere was another host, and Princess Hohenlohe had a party.

Although, personally, Nice is by no means my favourite town, I am literally amazed by the crowd of visitors already there. Having been to the municipal Casino and realised the enormous success it is having with midget golf and the thé dansant cabaret, I visited the Palais de la Mediterranée at about 5.30 p.m. In that enormous restaurant we were unable to get a table for the thé dansant, not even a seat in the outside lounge, while one of our party, a gambler well known and beloved of croupiers, waited twenty minutes and was unable to get a seat of any sort in the baccarat rooms, although this was only an ordinary night!

Nice has come into her own; she has many and varied attractions to offer, and this year I really believe she is going to have an amazingly good season.

THE Cannes season always starts later than any other, but the rush has begun, and the harbour seems already full of yachts. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness have returned from America; Sir Harry and Lady Mallaby-Deeley are at their villa; Sir John and Lady Power, and Mr. and Mrs. Brame Hillyard, of tennis fame, are among the many new arrivals I

Photographs

Sid Bright, the leader of the Dance band at the Piccadilly Hotel, which was in great form on New Year's Eve. He is known to hundreds of thousands of wireless listeners by his "Bright," original dance music

REVELLERS AT THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

Piccadilly by the appearance of a live elephant, which—ming it are (in the right foreground) Giovanni, the an star, Ilse Bois, seen in front of him, whose bur- distributed bunches of violets

Mr. A. J. Whitehead, the film magnate, and his party, who saw in the New Year at the Piccadilly Hotel. High spirits and cheerfulness were the order of the night

noted; while one of the first of the season's frivolities was a most successful tea party given by the Marquise de Saint-Marc. Tennis has started with full swing, and the other day Monte Carlo Country Club challenged the other clubs, which resulted in a draw. Mrs. Satterthwaite, who has just arrived, won her match easily, as did Mr. J. M. Hillyard.

More visitors amusing themselves at the New Year celebrations. Members of Mrs. S. Barclay's party watching the dancing in progress

Sasha

Signor A. Zangiacomi, the Manager at the Piccadilly Hotel, with Miss Raynes. He enjoyed the New Year revels as much as any of his guests, to judge by his happy expression

Colonel R. Edwards watching the dancing at the Piccadilly Hotel. He was one of the many victims of Giovanni, the "pickpocket" conjuror

AT THE PLAY

A BREACH IN THE BREECHES

"A Pair of Trousers," at the Criterion Theatre

A PROLOGUE to *A Pair of Trousers*, which might be called the braces, in that it supports the play, shows a married couple at loggerheads. He is an artist, and she is jealous of his sitters; but what causes a final bust-up is when Mrs. Lanion describes her husband's chef d'œuvre in portraiture as pretty! Result: a determination to let their town house, obviously preparatory to a separation, for that was too much for any artist to put up with.

THE house is let furnished to a Madame Lilette Reneaux, an attractive French widow, who in Act I is giving a dinner party previous to a visit to the theatre, and the guests, which include her fiancé, are also friends of the Lanions. Madame Lilette makes some excuse for stopping at home, and in their absence is visited by her landlord, Stephen Lanion, with whom she gets on like a house afire, as he certainly is.

MOUNTING steps to put a picture straight, he makes a faux pas, but only off the ladder, and tears his trousers in a spot which might be called vital. These are being invisibly mended by the maid, for she effects repairs in the kitchen, when the bell rings. Stephen seeks sanctuary in the lady's bedroom, and the dinner guests return unexpectedly, having gone off without the tickets.

The Seat of all the trouble visible
Murdock (Ivo Dawson), Ronald Ca

Stephen enters without his trousers; the guests fear tremblingly for the morals of man—landlord, and lady tenant, and the tongue of scandal begins to wag, as it always will do if you give it nineteen-twentieths of a chance.

A School for Scandal. Bare Back, Back Biting, Back Chat by Marjorie Ainsworth (Grizelda Hervey), Beatrice Murdock (Violet Vanbrugh), Valerie Chester (Jane Wood), and Craig Chester (Hayden Coffin)

Seasonable Shows

Apollo. "The Private Secretary." **Twice Daily.** The Rev. Robert Spalding *does* like London.

Dominion. "Aladdin." **Twice Daily.** Reviewed above.

Holborn Empire. "Where the Rainbow Ends." **Matinees.** A hardy annual.

Kingsway. "The Toymaker of Nuremberg." **Twice Daily.** An old theme in a new setting.

Lyceum. "Robinson Crusoe." **Twice Daily.** Old-fashioned pantomime.

Lyric. "Toad of Toad Hall." **Twice Daily.** A Kenneth Grahame-A.A. Milne Fantasy.

New. "Charley's Aunt." **Twice Daily.** Needs no introduction.

Palladium. "Peter Pan." **Matinees.** Yet once more.

Prince of Wales. "Treasure Island." **Matinees.** A Children's Thriller.

Savoy. "Alice in Wonderland." **Matinees.** A Christmas Carroll.

Scala. "The Windmill Man." **Matinees.** In its tenth year.

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "A PAIR OF TROUSERS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Reneaux (Alice Delysia), Stephen Lanion (Ian Hunter), Henry Warrender) and Beatrice Murdock (Violet Vanbrugh)

THEN Stephen does a very stupid thing. He asks all the spectators of his trouserless state, in addition to some near neighbours, to hear the truth from Madame's own lips without previously consulting his wife on the subject, a course which no married man in his senses would ever take under such awkward circumstances.

SCANDAL is still talked behind the host's back, as in a more famous and assuredly more witty play; but scandal hides its diminished head when Mrs. Lanion, returning later from the country, discovers a dinner party arranged with Madame Reneaux as principal guest. Then the fur begins to fly, even though the sable remains safely on Madame's beautiful evening cloak. Whether the dinner party ever took place after the exchange of compliments between Mrs. Lanion and Madame I don't know, but if it did I think the ices must have melted!

ACT III is back again in Madame's furnished house, whither come (*a*) the young man engaged to Madame, but who now suspects her; (*b*) Mr. Lanion, presumably to apologise for his wife's behaviour; (*c*) all the whole boiling of the guests, plus Mrs. Lanion, who find Mr. Lanion again without his trou-trous, and, in consequence, again the fur flies, and Madame and Mr. Lanion elope. But why without his trousers? you may ask. Because the author took them off by making his hero *pretend* to have had the same accident to them in yet another vital spot as he had in Act I. And that is that.

WHERE the author, Frederick Jackson, fails is in mixing up farce with comedy with a hand which can hardly be called deft. Brilliant dialogue might have helped to join the two media, but though the conversation is natural enough, it is almost too natural in that "good things" are as rarely said as when folk chatter off the stage, and we don't pay to hear *that*!

NEVERTHELESS, Alice Delysia, who plays Madame, is always well worth watching, and her performance is in every way in key with high comedy. With such a cast to help her as Violet Vanbrugh, Ivo Dawson, Harold Warrender, Grizelda Hervey, Jane Wood, Hayden Coffin, and Stephanie Stevens, who heroically refrains from overplaying the part of the maid, the author cannot complain that his play has been badly acted; while as for the dresses, well, every woman will look and envy! Being a mere male, I wish the play had been as well worth seeing.

"Aladdin," at the Dominion

THERE is plenty of life and colour about Julian Wylie's pantomime, and so many songs are included that the theatre might well be renamed the Do-ra-me-nion Theatre. The plot is not allowed to intrude unduly, so the fun-makers, headed by Nellie Wallace and Lupino Lane, who by his energetic tumbling proves that *this* Lane, at any rate, has plenty of turnings. Judging by the laughter, the children find this Christmas fare very much to their taste.

V. W.

Madame Reneaux (Alice Delysia) discovers that the landlord of her flat, Stephen Lanion (Ian Hunter) has increased the rent

THE GREAT THRILL AT OLYMPIA

"Daily Mail"

The Wallendas performing on the tight-rope at the Olympia circus. One of them balances a chair on a slender rod borne by the other two, who walk the tight-rope. He stands on this, and ultimately the girl climbs over the shoulders of the back man on to the shoulders of the centre man on the chair, and the cavalcade proceeds to the cradle on the right. It is a thrilling but terrible exhibition, as the slightest slip would precipitate all of them to the ground fifty feet below, where only a canvas sheet is held as a protection

WHY do MEN Want to KISS HER?

DEAR SIR,—I am four foot ten and weigh six stone two, I take size three in shoes, and I prefer a 70 gauge in stockings. I dress moderately well, have a nice complexion, blue eyes, golden hair, and quite a good "figure." And that brings me to the point of my letter. I am nineteen and have quite a friendly nature, and only get angry when I really have to, and that does bring me to what I want to say—I mean about men.

I like men. I think they're awfully nice, and the way they take you out and give you presents is fine, and I'm quite sure we couldn't get on without them. But there is something about them I don't understand. I mean, they all seem to want only one thing—that is, they all want to kiss you. Why do men always want to kiss? I mean, one's lips can hardly be called one's own these days.

Just when you are getting to know a man nicely and you want to listen to what he's saying he stops, and then you know he wants to start kissing. It's such a pity. Even the nicest men seem to want to. I asked a boy once why they all wanted to do this, and he said, "Well, you ought to know." But I don't, and I thought somebody with your great experience might be able to help me. I thought perhaps we could start a little society for the prevention of kissing. We could all wear a badge and have inspectors and public lectures, and then men would begin to realise that we don't like being kissed, except, of course, in exceptional circumstances, like love or marriage.

You know it's awfully hard to make men believe you don't like being kissed. When I say, "Please! Please! No!" in a taxi going home they often don't pay the slightest attention, and I have a friend who always has to wear a hat-pin on purpose. Men often say to me, "But if you are never kissed, how are you to know who you like being kissed by?" Which is so silly, because, of course, a woman's intuition will always tell her that. I wonder why men have no intuition?

What would men feel like if they knew that every girl they went out with wanted to kiss them? Let them put the boot on the other foot. They wouldn't like it at all, I am sure. Always having to have their hands held at every moment, and pretending not to know that some silly excuse "to go and look at the moon," or something, was just another excuse to be kissed. I tell you they'd soon get pretty fed up, because, as mother once said to me, "no one can run faster than a man when he's being chased." They wouldn't like to be the sport of every girl they met, and so it's not fair that we should be the whim of every man's fancy.

I think Lady Astor or Miss Bondfield or some other public lady should bring a Bill in to make unwanted kisses a punishable offence. In France no nice girl is allowed to be kissed until she is going to be married, but just because women over here have the vote and are supposed to be free, men seem to think they can kiss them all the time. I hope you will use your influence and come to our rescue and save us from all this masculine wantonness.—I am, Yours affectionately, ROSIE BACK.

BY A. GELLI

EFFICIENCY!—THE BRONCHO-BUSTER

Graphic Photo Union

DRURY LANE'S NEW GREAT ALL-BRITISH PRODUCTION

Derek Oldham (left) and Helen Gilliland, two of the stars in the Lane's new musical play, "The Song of the Drum," produced last Saturday. They are discussing their parts with Herman Finck, the musical director, Sir Alfred Butt, and Vivian Ellis, the composer

If Gossip We Must.

FIGURES—even financial figures—are not always dull. The Socialist Government are so fond of telling everybody that the increase of unemployment and the general feeling of industrial depression, which look like being just as much a feature of 1931 as they were of 1930, are due to "world causes," that they seem to be quite happy and contented about it. "It isn't our fault," is their cheerful cry, "so why should we worry?" And they don't. What is more, Mr. Lloyd George sees in the Government so little source of danger that he is quite content to prop up what has rightly been called "the most destructive Administration within living memory."

Stage Photo Co.

Molly Vyvyan, as Capt. Spanker, takes those two funmakers, Naughton and Gold, in hand during a scene in "Robinson Crusoe." This pantomime is doing big business at the Lyceum

HERE goes, then, for some figures—and don't be frightened by the noughts. The British Budget is £840,000,000 for a population of 44,000,000. The American Budget is £796,000,000 for a population of 125,000,000. That is to say, our expenditure is, in proportion, three times that of America.

Again, America has (about) 5,000,000 unemployed on whom she spends in relief £34,000,000. Great Britain has 2,300,000 unemployed, on whom we spend £136,000,000. That is to say, our expenditure on this object alone is, in proportion, nine times that of America.

The truth of the matter is that we are in a bad way—yes, I know it is going to improve, but of its present badness there is no doubt—not from any vague "world causes," but because we are spending far more than we can afford. And that improvement has not the faintest chance of coming until the Government which sanctions, and even revels in, this endless orgy of vast expenditure is given the sack.

WHO is going to give it the sack? Not the millions who give it their votes in exchange for no direct taxation and more and more benefits. It can only be done by a political party vigorous enough and eloquent enough to draw the mind of the electorate away from this vote-catching stuff and to make the country at large realise that the policy of something for nothing can only end in disaster and national bankruptcy. Mr. Lloyd George is the wiliest of the wily, but he will not do this, and has, as we have seen, proved his willingness to keep in office the very people who are causing the trouble. And Mr. Baldwin? It does not appear to be Mr. Baldwin's way to do anything but utter from time to time amiable platitudes and to turn the cold shoulder on those who could bring his own party to life again and give the nation the lead it needs and must have.

BY FRANK FORD

"Did your 'usband die from natural causes, Mrs. Green?" "Yus. 'e was runned over by a motor car!"

FOR some considerable time Mr. Baldwin has not even been platitudinising. He is in a state of coma. This is not due to Christmas (for he is an abstemious man), but to an overdose of the Christmas spirit of peace and goodwill, which he is perfectly willing to allow to continue, so far as he is concerned, from January 1 to December 31. None the less, Mr. Baldwin's mental outlook is, politically speaking, that of the giant tortoise at the Zoo, which, I understand, eats a bundle of cabbages, goes to sleep, and does not wake up until the warm weather comes round. Even when it is awake it does not do very much. It is content with peace and goodwill. When the country is up against enemies abroad, far more dangerous enemies in office at home, and the most serious business crisis in history, peace and goodwill do not go very far.

MORE and more do we spend the peace and goodwill festivities away from home and in restaurants. Not so very long ago things were vastly different. I remember one pre-War Christmas when I suddenly shied at the prospect of my own turkey in my own dining-room, and drove in a four-wheeler—there were no taxis then—through empty streets, only to find every restaurant closed. Eventually I found one near the old Gaiety, and dined there utterly alone, surrounded by a positive covey of waiters, with each one of whom I solemnly insisted on pulling a cracker. But I have never known the Savoy more full than it was on December 25, 1930, when my Lord Rothermere was joining in the revels, and on the same night the diners at the Trocadero ran well into four figures. At both these

Stage Photo Co.

Carl Brisson as Harry, the gigolo dancer, and Enid Stamp-Taylor as Rosette in "Wonder Bar." This play of cabaret life is enjoying a successful run at the Savoy Theatre

Stage Photo Co.

Betty Davis appearing as Merrie Boon in "Follow a Star," at the Winter Garden Theatre. Maisie Gay recently took over Sophie Tucker's part in this bright musical comedy with great success

places there were even larger crowds on New Year's Eve.

WHICH goes to prove that the Englishman's habit of keeping himself to himself on such occasions has almost entirely vanished.

THE colour question is a difficult one on which to touch, but I must admit that I cannot join in the mild indignation that has greeted the appearance in Leicestershire of a certain American negro (by no means unknown to fame) in the hunting field. If we can sit at a cabaret or a private party and go into ecstasies over the singing and playing of negroes, there is surely no grounds for grumbling at their hunting. If a London drawing-room is big enough for white and black people to breathe in simultaneously, surely is a five-acre field.

LAST year, I remember, there was some comment because one of a popular pair of coloured entertainers appeared on horseback—top hat, top boots, and the rest of it—at a meet of the Quorn, or something of the sort, and subsequently in the pages of an illustrated paper.

I REALLY do not see why he should not go the whole hog and hunt in pink if he wants to, and can afford it. I have seen many pink-faced men hunt in black coats. So why not black-faced men in pink coats?

Photographs Stage Photo Co.

Two scenes from "Toad of Toad Hall," at the Lyric Theatre, the new children's play by A. A. Milne, adapted from Kenneth Grahame's book, "The Wind in the Willows." Above, Toad (Frederick Burtwell) is seen driving the weasels and ferrets from Toad Hall, and, below, Toad in prison is being ministered to by Phœbe (Joan Harker)

THE wrangle about the opera subsidy drags wearily on, and there will probably be alarms and excursions when Parliament reassembles. Until then, Col. Blois, of the Covent Garden Syndicate, and Ernest Newman are carrying on a ding-dong battle. Up to the present the Colonel has won on points, largely because he has managed to keep his temper and his dignity, in spite of much provocation, and because Newman has tried to be rather too funny in his use of a Socratic dialogue to prove his arguments.

IT is the easiest thing in the world to write the sort of stuff in which you give to yourself all the important questions and all the crushing replies, and put into the mouth of the other fellow the disjointed remarks of a half-wit. I would suggest that Colonel and critic have a real face-to-face verbal argument, with a shorthand writer present to record their winged words as well as a referee. Strange it is, though, that music nearly always provokes such lack of personal harmony.

CADDIE (*to stray golfer*): "Bet yer 'e'll summons ... never 'ave another cha...

THERE are few more pleasant ways of filling up the time between 6 o'clock and dinner than by attending an oyster party, which does not spoil the health to the extent a cocktail party does, even if it may possibly spoil the appetite for dinner. Major Frank Vernon and his clever American wife, Virginia Vernon (who is an adept at adapting plays from the French, and has a flat in Paris), gave one in Grosvenor Square the other evening. They call their flat "The Attic." "The Attic," Grosvenor Square, being rather an original address, I think, though "The Cottage," Berkeley Square, is a close rival in this respect.

Stage Photo Co.

Elizabeth Vaughan as Donna Lucia and John Mills as Charley in a scene from the ever-young "Charley's Aunt." It is now to be seen at the New Theatre

LOOKING AHEAD

The recent archæological discoveries on the site of the ancient kingdom of Ur have excited world-wide interest. Will we eventually share the same fate when England has been lost for centuries?

WHEN London takes the place of Ur.
And England's lost in ancient mists,
I wonder what discoveries
Will greet the archæologists,
Will they unearth with joy untold
A picture labelled "Very Rare"
Of Harry Lauder standing drinks
And tipping like a millionaire,
Or term a new-found saxaphone,
"A Form of Torture, now unknown"?

Will Malcolm Campbell's racing car
Be tersely dubbed "A Funeral Hearse,"
And cocktail recipes be termed
"Wine of the Gods" or something worse?
And if they find an Epstein group
In those far distant days to be,
Will they declare it's splendid art
Or write at length on "Lunacy:
"Among the Ancients and the Part
"It Played in Marring British Art"?

Will Greta Garbo's photograph
Provoke in them unseemly mirth,
Or P. Carnera's statue earn
The title, "King of all the Earth"?
What they will find and what they'll think
In years to come we cannot say,
But of one thing I'm very sure
And that is this. Search though they may,
They'll find no trace in History's tracks
Of sixpence off the Income Tax! B. W.

ALL sorts of literary, artistic, and theatrical celebrities were there. Mark Hambourg was joyfully and loudly declaring that oysters and champagne are part of the diet he is going in for; besides, he was making the most of an opportunity, since he may be away from England for the best part of a year on a world tour, and is likely to visit many places where oysters are unobtainable. Ashley Dukes and his wife (Marie Rambert) were waxing enthusiastic about the success of their ballet season at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Lilian Braithwaite was obviously glad to be home again after a spell of acting in New York, and "Ronnie" Squire was also there, looking much thinner.

THE Vernons are given to frequent entertaining, and in a novel fashion. Their "Irish Stew Lunches" are an immense success; there is a huge cauldron of this simple but delicious dish, and you just help yourself and watch the celebrities helping themselves. It was at one of these affairs that I talked for the last time to Sir Sefton Brancker, not very long before he met his death in the R 101 disaster.

DO children like children's plays? Not, I fancy, if they are undiluted — the plays, that is to say, not the children. That is why the average child would far sooner go to a pantomime than to pleasant little fairy stories at small, outlying theatres, full of merit though some of these are. A great deal of nonsense is being talked and written just now about pantomimes boring the kiddies because of the abundance of matter in them that is intended to appeal to adults (who, after all, pay for the seats, and must be given something to appease them). This year's London and suburban pantomimes are mercifully free from political allusions, but not one of them keeps close to the familiar old stories. I have been taking some small imps to most of them, and never have I heard complaints because the plots are pushed aside to enable the funny men to have an innings.

CHILDREN are fonder of funny men than of Robinson Crusoe's adventures with Polly Perkins, or of Aladdin's love for the Princess. They probably know all about that already, anyway. Primarily, they like to see people fall down hard and frequently, and they adore a comedian with a strange make-up and a huge voice—George Jackley at the Lyceum, for instance.

By Bertram Prance

"...e's got a grudge against the club an' e' knows 'e'll like this again!"

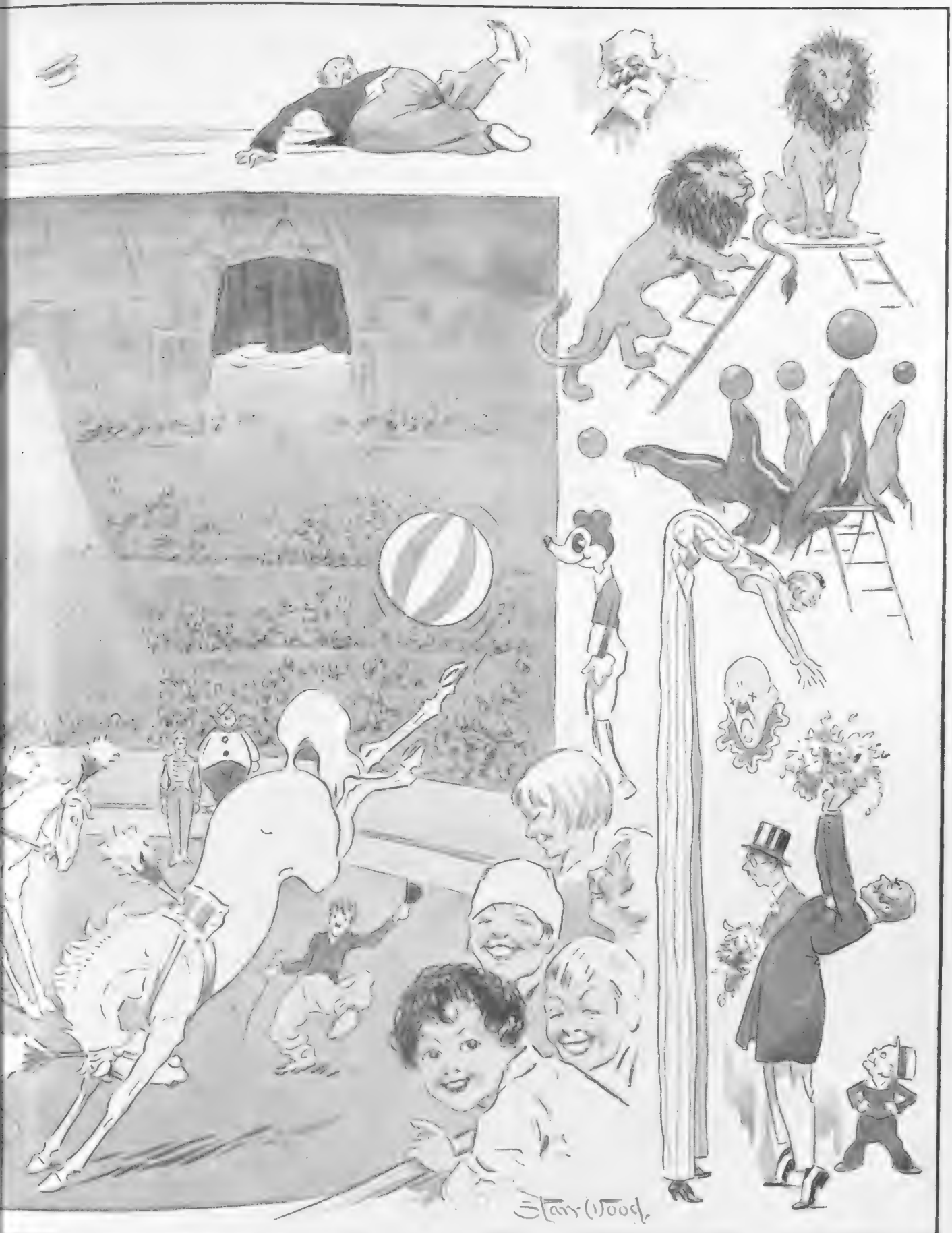
By Platford

"But why call that little gold-digger 'Baby'?"

"Well, she's always in *somebody's* arms!"

THE LURE OF THE SA

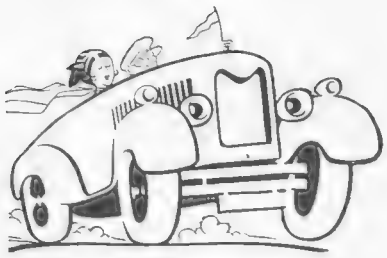
Once again Bertram W. Mills is gladdening the hearts of children of all ages with the mammoth circus he is staging a artist's impressions of a visit to the circus on the opening day, when Lord Lonsdale, that indefatigab



BY STARR WOOD

)UST RING AT OLYMPIA

lympia again this year. Clowns, acrobats, equilibrists, horses, seals, lions and tigers, all are there, and above is seen our upporter of the circus, seen in the bottom right-hand corner, presented bouquets to all the lady artists



THE WRONG NEST FOR THE BIRD

By Peter Trevor

"DON'T talk to me of fog," said my friend Algernon fiercely. "Something ought to be done to abolish it."

"It must cramp your driving style," I admitted, knowing my young friend's speed on the road in his twelve-cylinder supercharged Decapod.

"Cramp be damned!" asserted Algernon. "D'you suppose I'm worried by fog when driving . . . ?"

"I can imagine other road users being worried," I ventured.

"It's the mistakes one's liable to make when one gets *out* of the car which gets my goat! Why, what would have been a perfectly priceless week-end was utterly ruined by a beastly sea fog only a month ago."

"But how?"

"You may not know it, but I've had a crash on Lily Vavasour for ever so long . . ."

"What young man worth his salt has not?"

"Well, anyway, she at last said she'd like a whiff of the briny at a week-end if I'd drive her to the South Coast and go slowly. She hates going fast."

"That doesn't sound like Lily," I suggested.

"Oh, she's as nervous as a kitten in a car," explained Algernon.

"In *your* car she has every right to be!"

"To hear you talk one would think I drove dangerously!"

"To tell you the truth, the idea has crossed my mind now and then."

"On this occasion you're right off the bull's-eye. I was very, very careful."

"Driving with one hand? The other otherwise engaged?"

"And why not? I've never taken a longer time to do the fifty odd miles . . ."

"How very odd!"

". . . but we reached the coast at last, and then I remembered just outside the town there was a new hotel which took you in and did you well."

"Many hotels take you in."

"You know the sort of place. Big but—what's the word I want?"

"Discreet?"

"Yes, that's it."

"'Marriage licences unnecessary. Wedding rings on sale on the premises.'"

"You've hit it! Well, I'd just got out of the town when a beastly sea fog came up, but before long there was our little nest—not so little really—looming out of the mist. Lily was glad to get there, as she said she'd throw a fit if she didn't get outside a cocktail forthwith, so in we barged. The lounge wasn't too well furnished, but there was a nice fire, and we parked ourselves in front of it. Just then a maid came along, and I said we'd have two side-cars and to look nippy about it."

"Nippy! That suggests a corner house," I remarked.

"Oh, no, the building was all by itself in its own grounds," explained Algernon, oblivious.

"And did she bring the cocktails?"

"She did not. She brought along a forbidding female who glared at us."

"The manageresses of some hotels are needlessly suspicious," I suggested.

"Manageress be damned!" grunted Algernon. "The old trout, still glaring, pointed a scraggy finger at the front door and hissed, 'That's the nearest way out.'"

"But why . . . ?"

"Because I'd made a mistake in that filthy fog, and we'd asked for drinks at a big girls' school and been ordered out by the headmistress!"

Topical

THE ARTISTS' MODEL

Students at the Grosvenor School of Modern Art busy at a life class. Artists' models have been much in the limelight of late, for the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve saw many of them at play, whilst the "Chelsea Follies" at the Victoria Palace includes many in the cast, and the tragic suicide of yet another is fresh in the public memory

"BYSTANDER" SWISS SPORTS SUPPLEMENT

Keystone

Above: The Sultan of Johore and his wife, who were married recently in London, spent part of their honeymoon in Switzerland. They are seen enjoying the sport at St. Moritz

Keystone

Miss Yvonne Tilley enjoying a morning's skating on the Suvretta House rink at St. Moritz

Below: Mrs. Henry Lane-End gives her three attractive children a skating lesson on the Suvretta House rink. There is nothing like starting young if the expert touch is sought

Sport and General

Above: A general view of skating in progress on the picturesque Suvretta House rink at St Moritz. Winter sports enthusiasts are still pouring into Switzerland for the season

Right: Miss Elizabeth Marston, one of the many American visitors to Switzerland this season, seen at St. Moritz. Her home is in New York

Sport and General

Keystone

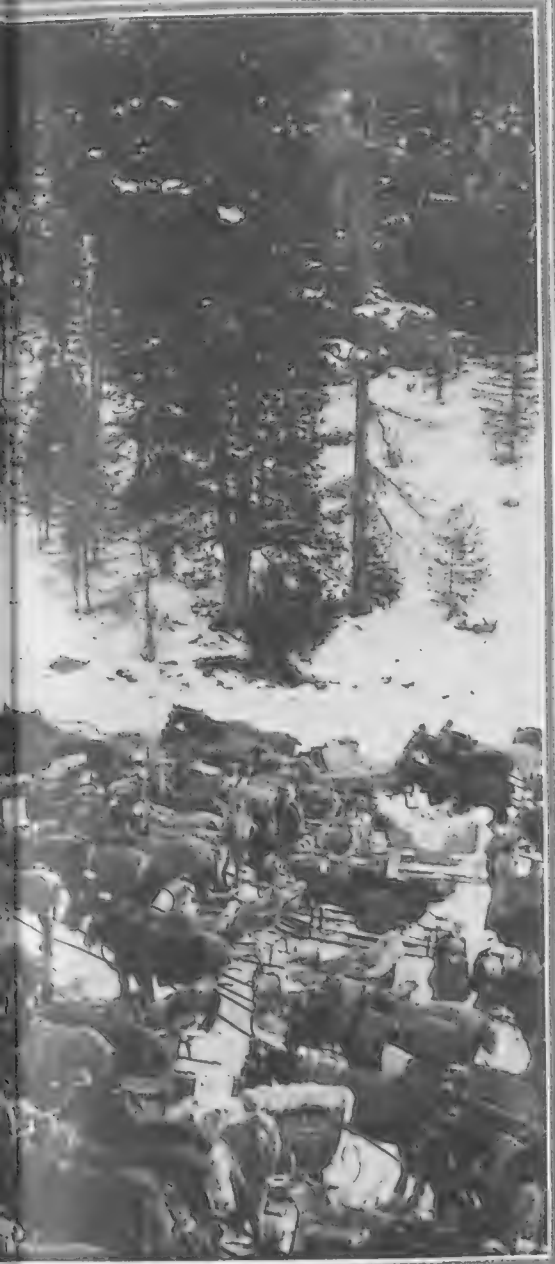
SPORTING OCCASIONS IN SWITZERLAND

Keystone

Some of the hundreds of sleighs drawn up at the side of the jump during the contest for the Morven Cup on the Olympia Leap at St. Moritz. A large number of competitors, including members of the Oxford and Cambridge teams, took part in this important contest, which attracted hundreds of spectators

On the left is seen the Cambridge University team, who beat their Dark Blue rivals, seen on the right, in the Inter-Varsity Down-Hill Ski Race. It took place recently at St. Moritz

...ND—EUROPE'S WINTER PLAYGROUND



Photographs — Central Press

IN FULL FLIGHT

One of the competitors in the Inter-Varsity Ski-Jumping Competition seen in mid-air after the take off. This competition, which attracted great interest, took place at the Julier Jump, St. Moritz

MERRIMENT AT MÜRREN

Mrs. Boughton Leigh, Miss Blake and Miss Malkin setting out for a spin on snow bicycles at Mürren. These machines may look quaint, but they certainly provide their riders with plenty of fun

Mrs. T. W. Wessel, formerly Lady Churston, on the ice at Mürren. She is seen taking a skating lesson from one of the instructors

Photographs

Appearances to the contrary, Capt. Duff-Taylor, complete with umbrella, is not just "dropping in to lunch." He is seen in the middle of one of his spectacular jumps on skates on the rink at Mürren

Central News and L.N.A.

Mr. T. W. Wessel gives a lesson in ski-ing to his daughter Freddie. They are seen on the Nursery Slopes at Mürren, where so many people take their first steps—and tumbles—in the art

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

RED CANDLES

By ETHEL MANNIN

CHARLES CLIVE read the letter twice. It was the sort of letter one does read twice. "I am one of the six people in London who liked 'The Wounded Dove,' and admired your acting in it, and your courage in producing it. I want to congratulate you on your pioneering courage, for we need pioneers like you in the theatre to-day if we are to save its soul alive, and offer you my sympathies over its failure. I don't know whether you know me as a writer; if you don't read novels you won't; it doesn't matter; you don't have to admire me to have me admire you, which I most sincerely do. If you want to get away from the atmosphere of the theatre, and all your worries, you would find it peaceful at this farmhouse; it is buried in snow at the moment, and looks exactly like an old-fashioned Christmas card; and I can offer you—as well as my admiration and an intelligent interest in the theatre—caviare and candlelight."

This letter was signed, "Most sincerely, Veronica Brandish."

She was wrong in supposing that he did not know of her as a writer, although he had not read her books. There are some people you cannot help knowing about whether you are interested or not. Veronica Brandish was one of those people. The fact that she was one of the few people who had admired the play he had had the courage—and the foolhardiness—to produce did not interest him particularly. He had done as he had wanted, and he had always known that one must be prepared to pay a price for doing that. All the right people had applauded the production of the play; it was merely unfortunate that, from the box-office point of view, there weren't enough of them.

No, what attracted him in the letter was the "caviare and candlelight." He didn't particularly believe in the farmhouse effects. He thought he knew the sort of thing to which successful women novelists retired every now and then; all pseudo-oak panelling and beams, all very "art and crafty," and full of light oak and cottage pottery . . . so much more suited to a garden suburb than the countryside. But caviare and candlelight—that was definitely appealing, and the spirit of adventure stirred in him. He was sick of the theatre, and it might be amusing to meet the very popular and much-photographed Miss Brandish . . . even if it was only to be rude to her about her farmhouse.

It was in this spirit, then, that Charles Clive first went to dine with Veronica Brandish. The address she gave him was in Surrey, not much more than an hour's run out of Town, but it was difficult to find because the house lay off the road, up a narrow lane shut off by a gate marked "Private." He passed and repassed it before he realised that he was expected to turn in there. He was a little irritable by the time he arrived. It was no joke finding remote country houses in the dark of a winter's evening.

But she had been right about the old-fashioned Christmas-card effect, he decided, as he drew up before the long, low house; its casement windows glowed red on the snow, with a quite ridiculously Christmas-card effect. There was a heavy knocker on a massive oak door, and the tiny hall into which he was admitted by the maid who answered to his knock left no doubt in his mind about the authenticity of the place. His hat and coat taken from him, he was shown into a narrow room with a red brick floor and a real log fire. Drawn to one side was a long monk's table in old dark oak, and set upon it seven tall red candles in a branching wrought-iron holder. He was aware of gleaming cut glass, lace mats, and a bowl of holly with thick scarlet berries for a centre-piece. The table was laid for two.

He had an impression of his hostess as tall and slender, with sleek black hair. She wore a long black velvet dress, and a long string of some curious kind of antique red beads, and similar ear-rings. Save that she wore these scarlet beads instead of a long rope of pearls, he found himself irresistibly reminded of Doris Keane in "Romance"—a fantastic idea in connection with the very modern and reputedly adventurous Veronica Brandish, he thought ironically. He wondered what was the truth about her; there were all sorts of stories concerning her as a woman who had "lived"; he had come prepared to find himself antagonistic to her and her flamboyant disregard of the conventions.

But the woman who smiled at him and held out her hand and said that she was glad he had found his way to her house was not flamboyant. Her mouth was as scarlet as the tall candles, the holly berries, her beads, but it was a generous mouth, sensitive and mobile; there was nothing hard about her. She poured sherry for him from a heavy cut-glass decanter.

He said, "This is a very charming place."

She answered simply, "Yes, it's genuine. I hate the pseudo, don't you?"

He took the glass she handed him. "Yes. Especially in people."

She read the challenge in his eyes. "But people you have to take on faith. You can never know—for certain."

"I think you can. The veneer on personalities is soon scraped through. Within the next hour I shall know whether your appreciation of 'The Wounded Dove' is genuine or not—and whether you are a real person—or a fake; the scarlet woman of your reputation, or the Madonna you look like."

She smiled. "You think that?"

"Yes."

She met his emphatic eyes, then said quietly, "Let us dine."

(All rights strictly reserved)

She sat in a high-backed chair upholstered in its centre panel with crimson silk brocade, rich as old wine. The red candles branched between them. Her face was shadowy, enigmatic. The burgundy was fine and soft and warm; it crept insidiously in his blood, and with it the realisation of her beauty breaking down his hostility; and there was this scarlet symphony of red wine, red candles, and the red-flower sweetness of her mouth.

They talked of the play, and of the need for artistic courage in the theatre; they talked of Tchekhov and Pirandello, and by devious paths rediscovered Browning and a mutual delight.

"Elizabeth Barrett makes me sick with her womanly sentimentalisings," she said. "But Browning knew all about love. Lyric love, half angel and half bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire." She laughed. "That, I submit, is pure poetry."

HE saw her face golden with candlelight, mysterious with shadows, and he murmured, "'For I am eaten out and in, with the eyes of her, the lips of her, the hair, the little chin, the little stir of shadow round her mouth.'" A self-conscious cynicism swept him, and he added, "But you must be tired of men quoting that to you! You know how it goes on, 'But she, I tell you, would decree, that I should roast at a slow fire, if it should compass her desire.' The poor devil knew, you see. I wonder how many men you have invited to caviare and candlelight, and got them 'eaten out and in' with your beauty—and then allowed them to roast at the slow fire of your disdain?"

She looked at him between the tall scarlet candles, and her eyes were dark with pain. She said simply, "I'm not like that. But one cannot love because one is loved."

He said with sudden irritation, "Oh, 'this thing that aches and that hurts, and is love.'"

"Yes, I know." Her voice was quiet—it brushed him like a caress, and his irritation fell away from him.

He said suddenly, "You have a very beautiful voice. You are—a very lovely person. And I have behaved badly. Forgive me."

She rose, smiling. "Shall we have coffee over the fire? There is a sitting-room, but it's not as comfortable and pleasant as this, so I don't use it."

When the servant had cleared the table and brought coffee and they were alone, he said, "What sort of person are you, really? When you're not being Veronica Brandish and daring and modern and sophisticated and all the rest of it? People say that you have had lovers."

She stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "I have loved."

"I accept the rebuke. But you love easily, perhaps?"

"I should be a happier woman if I did."

He persisted, "But not every time you love is a grand passion? You have affaires?"

She smiled. "It has been written, has it not, that the only difference between an affaire and a lifelong passion is that one lasts a little longer than the other."

"You believe that?"

"I have been forced to believe it. I would like not to. Wouldn't you?"

Her question came sharply unexpected, a challenge. He started. "I? I don't believe it. I am an incurable romanticist."

She sighed. "A sceptic is only a disillusioned romanticist, a sentimentalist gone wrong."

It was midnight when he left. He kissed her hands. "You have been very sweet, and I have been a brute. But will you ask me again?"

"Yes."

The heavy oak door opened on to a white world. He said, "I'd like to wrap you in a leopard skin and drive through the snow with you to the edge of the world."

She shivered. "I'd hate it."

He smiled grimly. "I expect you would."

THERE was a kind of anger in his heart as he drove away; he wanted not to think of her, but she was in his imagination and in his blood, and he resented her. Had she been altogether cynical it would have been easier; but he remembered the sudden dark pain in her eyes, and a kind of despair in her voice which had followed upon her

"You didn't dine alone last night, then?"
"No"
"You burned red candles for someone else?"
"Yes"

ILLUSTRATION BY GREENUP

cynicism. . . . He realised that he had been with her for four hours, and was no nearer finding out the truth about her.

And he never did find out about her; and to the end he never knew. . . .

Their association, which had begun with caviare and candlelight, continued. And increasingly she was in his imagination and in his blood, like a flame, until it was no use any longer resisting acknowledgment of the fact that he was in love with her—angrily and resentfully, but undeniably. He was eaten out and in with the beauty of her, and the mystery, and always he was emotionally tearing at her, trying to lay hold of the essential Her.

She would protest, "But why can't you accept me without questioning? This clamorous 'Do you love me?' everlastingly. It—it's indecent! People must accept each other—or leave each other alone."

"But one must know——"

"You mean you must be *told*. But that doesn't make you *know*. The knowledge is in yourself if it exists at all. And there can never be certainty. Verbal statements afford no certainty."

"You are destroying me," he told her bitterly.

"You destroy yourself with your tormenting questionings. What is love if it isn't 'a friendship lit by passion.' We've got that, and there's beauty to it—and there would be peace—if you'd let there be."

He would tell himself that she was right; they had created beauty in their friendship lit by passion; they had the beauty of intimacy, mental and emotional intimacy, and the intimacy of the world of fireglow and candlelight they made together, the everyday world shut out. With so much richness and beauty he should be content. When he was with her he could drown in dark seas of unquestioning acceptance; but away from her he was restless, torn by uncertainty, dissatisfied.

Sometimes she dined with him at his flat in town. On those nights he would order red candles and red flowers.

"These things are associated with you," he told her. "When other people dine with you it mustn't be with red candles—it would be sacrilege."

She smiled and did not answer, but her eyes were tender.

She knew what he meant. All that tender and lovely intimacy of association which they had built up together in the past few months had been by the light of scarlet candles. They had been the gay, flamboyant symbols of an adventure; now they had become sacramental, the outward and visible sign of an inner and secret flame. Love for Clive, she knew, had become a symphony of red candles and red flowers, and 'the dear red curve of her mouth'; and if it were sentimentality, it was a dear sentimentality, and one which must continue.

And it might have continued in lyric loveliness had not Clive come out to the farmhouse on an evening when he was not expected, and she was not there. The maid told him that she was expected back any minute, and he waited. And waiting, walking with restless impatience up and down the room, stopped before the wrought-iron holder where stood seven red candles partly burned down. . . .

Last time he had been with her they had stayed together so long that the candles had completely guttered out, and plunged them into a darkness deep as their passion. Only one night had intervened since then, and that was last night. Last night she had burned red candles . . . and he was not there. She had told him that when she was alone she never sat down "in solitary state"; the maid brought her "something on a tray" to her workroom. . . .

He stood looking down at the partly burnt candles, and it was for him as though in their burning they had consumed the most precious thing in life. Last night, whilst he had not known, they had been burning away all loveliness and wonder and dreams . . . .

She came in and found him gazing at the candles. He turned and saw her, beautiful in dark furs, with winter violets fastened in her collar, brushing her cheek. She was so beautiful, and so remote from him. As though he were looking at her from a long way off. . . .

He said, "You didn't dine alone last night, then?"

"No."

"You burned red candles for someone else?"

"Yes."

"You have burned red candles for all your—lovers?"

"If you like." There was a great weariness in her voice. She turned away and drew the curtains across the window, shutting out the white glare of the snow and the flaming, savage winter sunset, then faced him again, waiting.

He looked at her a moment, then shrugged. "All right. There's nothing more to say, is there? I've been a sentimental fool. But I've found out what I wanted to know about you—at last. For a little while I thought you were genuine. I'll go."

He moved towards the door, and she stood quietly, watching him. For her, too, there was nothing to say . . . nothing that could be said, since words never bring convictions and explanations never do explain.

There was nothing to explain. He was perfectly right. Last night she had dined with another man, and she had burned red candles for him.

Only something was laughing hysterically deep down inside her, because years ago someone had said to her precisely what Clive had said, "You must never burn red candles for anyone else—they are sacred to us." It was he who had inaugurated the red candle fetish. He who had brought her the lovely wrought-iron candlestick from Italy. . . . Something wept in her with the memory. She had had a flat in Town then, and he had arrived one evening, and removed the table lamp and set up the wrought-iron candlestick and planted the tall red Italian candles, and she had been delighted with the banquet effect, and, loving him, had never burned red candles for anyone else. . .

And then one night she had dined with a woman friend, and she, too, had red candles in a wrought-iron holder of Florentine workmanship. Startled, Veronica admired both candles and holder. Her friend had laughed, a little ruefully.

"I don't often use them," she had said. "Adrian Vance gave them to me years ago, when he was in love with me. He used to say they were sacred to us—and that if I must burn candles for anyone else they should never be red. A romantic cynic, Adrian."

VERONICA had burned red candles for other people besides Adrian after that; it was not so much cynicism as indifference; it just hadn't mattered; the significance had gone from them. She had not known when she lit red candles the first time Charles Clive came to dinner that he would arrogate them to himself, endow them with a special romantic significance. How could she have told him about Adrian—and that she had always lit red candles ever since, and that for her they had no special significance—save a mocking memory of the beautiful, faithless Adrian.

And last night it had been Adrian who had dined with her—Adrian drifting back into her life as casually as he had drifted out of it. . . . Perhaps she could have told Clive that, made him feel the fictitious dramatic poignancy of it, a spurious romanticism — for Adrian did not matter any more. . . . She could have told him that, and the story of how the red candles began, and he would have "understood." . . . Her mouth twisted in a little ironic smile. . . . How people loved to "understand"—and how little they understood!

But what she could not have told him was that she burned red candles for Adrian not because of any romantic, dramatic, poignant association, but simply because one cannot eat in darkness, and the servant had "run out" of lamp oil, and the only candles in the house happened to be red. . . .

E. M.

"I HEAR Frank is in hospital."

"Yes. He was caught in the rain and tried to economise by not taking a taxi. Now he's down with pneumonia."

"And Harold's in hospital, too, isn't he?"

"Yes. He took a taxi!"

By Bowles

"Listen, John. They are syncopating 'Good King Wenceslas.' I love these old-fashioned Christmas customs!"

Cecil Beaton

SEÑORITA CLARITA URIBURU

Who is well known in Society, is the beautiful daughter of Don Jose Evaristo Uriburu, K.B.E. Her father is the Ambassador to this country of the Argentine Republic

FILM NOTES

THREE ENGLISH STARS

By Lionel Collier

Elsa Lanchester and Margot Graham in a rather trying moment in "The Love Habit." Both these actresses make their debut in talkies in this British International Picture

ALTHOUGH Grace Moore may not be the "Swedish Nightingale" in effect, she has the most pleasing singing voice I have yet heard on the screen in "Jenny Lind," a sentimental romance which is now on at the Empire. This American soprano, who has long been a favourite on the New York stage, is new to us, and our first introduction in this picture is certainly a very favourable one.

The story doesn't pretend to be a life history of the famous singer, but is a fanciful and sentimental theme woven round her personality.

It is all very slight, but I think gets nearer to being a satisfactory screen operetta than any of the others. The reason is, I believe, because the songs are not in accordance with an old maxim that stated "When in doubt sing the waltz song."

IN "Viennese Nights," for instance, at the Leicester Square Theatre, a wholly theatrical effect is attained by the application of the above dictum, as is also the case with "One Heavenly Night" at the Tivoli. The screen cannot give an audience the intimate contact with personality like the stage. The camera, with its scope for action, tends to make a screen subject more realistic, and in consequence one feels the intrusion of song numbers to be purely artificial. On the stage the fact that it is theatrical is counter-balanced by the atmosphere of the actual presence of the artists. For these reasons I do not think that screen operettas or musical comedies will ever be entirely satisfactory.

TO return to "Jenny Lind," it is interesting to note that the English comedian, Reginald Denny, appears to great advantage in a straight part and forms an excellent support to Grace Moore, who can act as well as sing. The picture is very well set and contains some extremely well-directed scenes of the star's operatic triumphs. Indeed, the characterisation of the types which would naturally have surrounded a popular operatic star of the period, help to cover the slightness of the story.

Three well-known stage stars, Edmund Gwenn, Vera Lennox and Robert Harris, appear in a version of Bernard Shaw's play, "How He Lied To Her Husband," which he personally supervised. Now the talkies can talk!

WITH regard to "One Heavenly Night," Evelyn Laye should be very grateful for the care which Samuel Goldwyn has taken in presenting her in her first talkie. Not for one moment does she look like the flower seller she is supposed to represent, but I have never seen an actress more attractively

"Jenny Lind" in her triumphs of stage and love. Grace Moore in the title role of a sentimental romance woven round the famous Swedish singer

photographed. No wonder that American critics hail her with such enthusiasm as a type of English beauty. I am afraid the story does not merit discussion, nor does that of the other musical comedy, "Viennese Nights."

EARLY in the New Year a most interesting picture will be presented at the Carlton, Bernard Shaw's first talkie, "How He Lied to Her Husband," in which he has taken considerable personal interest. I have not heard any typical stories about the film while it was under production, but you can draw your own conclusions as to what Shaw's part was in the matter.

The film features two well-known stage stars, Edmund Gwenn and Vera Lennox, who thus help to swell the ever-growing list of recruits to the screen. Although the picture has not yet been shown to the Press, I understand that Vera Lennox gives a performance which is entirely worthy of her stage reputation and ensures her appearing with more frequency on the screen.

As for Edmund Gwenn, he is already engaged on another talkie, "The Skin Game," a version of the play in which he was so successful. He played incidentally in a silent version which was made two or three years ago, and he will find it hard to beat his performance in that.

SHORTLY now the Plaza will present Seymour Hicks in Louis Verneuil's amusing farce, "The Love Habit." Hicks has a strong personality which, judging by all accounts, comes over well in this British production. This picture has also not yet been shown to the Press, but the names in the cast suggest that the stage is getting even more wholesale in its adventures in the wonderland of talkies. It includes Edmund Breon, Elsa Lanchester and Margot Graham.

Elsa Lanchester, by the way, proved what an excellent film actress she can be in a series of short, silent comedies written specially by H. G. Wells and produced, I believe, by Ivor Montague. They were hailed at the time as masterpieces, but I think the reference to masterpiece should have been applied to Elsa Lanchester rather than to the films; but for her, the examples I saw were exceptionally weak.

Grace Moore's charm is fully illustrated in this camera study. She is a well-known American soprano whose singing voice is the most pleasing yet heard on the screen

Paul Tanqueray

JOAN BARRY

As she appears in the part of Bella Hedley in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolph Bésier, at the Queen's Theatre, which still plays to crowded houses. That the early Victorian costume suits this actress perfectly can be seen from the above photograph

PARIS GOSSIP

"Georges Mandel . . . a meagre little man, large-nosed, with the figure, posture and attitude known as chétive"

EXAMINERS, ESTRANGEMENTS and AUTOGRAPHS

By SYLVIA LYON

JUST as the ephemeral Spanish revolution was alleviated by the drawing of the national lottery, so during the holidays the French Cabinet troubles were anæsthetised by the fumes of champagne and English Christmas puddings, while the concurrent financial worries were counterbalanced by the more physical pangs of annual indigestions caused by foie gras, truffles, turkey, and bûche de Noël, which an old French tradition demands that one consume at midnight.

Perhaps the senators and deputies en vacance until January 13 regained their sense of humour in acknowledging that a politician can look more ridiculous than ever in a paper cap, and those parliamentaires who regained their provincial firesides during the holiday recess invited cartoonists and journalists to join their family parties, so that they could draw wicked cartoons and write villainous paragraphs about their political opponents, all in the spirit of peace and goodwill.

A GREAT many people fled to dreary French country houses to avoid giving egg-nogg parties in town, and those remaining in town shook their heads in wonderment, asking why it is that whenever Arthur Rubinstein gives a concert the most beautiful women in Paris are in the audience, and who is this man Georges Mandel?

Georges Mandel is a most disturbing person, the political and financial scandals giving him the opportunity to reveal several astonishing qualities: ferocious honesty, personal fearlessness, and an ability not only to show up his enemies, because that is always easy, but to sacrifice his most intimate friends to the public good.

The Maharajah and Maharanee Holkar of Indore photographed whilst in Italy. They are seen on the steps of the Excelsior Hotel Italie, in Florence

MANDEL is the Left Centrist deputy from the Gironde. (See map: Bordeaux-Biarritz.) He is a meagre little man, large-nosed, with the figure, posture and attitude known as chétive. He is a poor relation, relatively and literally, of the Rothschilds, and has been appointed to the committee investigating the Oustric and Snia Viscosa scandals, to the misfortune of everybody concerned. For Mandel is quite like an accusing judge of the Convention, and is showing absolutely no mercy towards even his closest friends. He shoots darts at them loaded with that dreadful malice that is thoroughly honest, sound and unimpeachable, and that cruel intuitive quality that, perhaps, is a result of his Oriental blood. He had Raoul Péret, the former Minister of Finance, in tears the other day, and Péret has been a close personal friend. I have been told that Péret, who acted as counsel for Oustric, and René Besnard, who used his post as Ambassador to Rome to endorse the shares of the Snia Viscosa artificial silk firm as suitable to be placed on the Paris Bourse, will be tried before the Senate, the highest tribunal in France.

A FORTHCOMING lawsuit that will probably be settled out of court, to the disappointment of the defendant, is that of Beltran-Masses, the Spanish portrait painter, versus Pola Negri. The latter now calls herself simply Miss Pola Negri, having dropped her title of Princess when she dropped her husband, Prince Serge Mdivani. It will be recalled that during a temporary separation of the couple, Pola Negri commissioned Beltran-Masses to paint her portrait with the image of Valentino in the background. Whether this portrait was ordered to make her husband jealous, or for the sake of pure publicity, I do not know. Then when she had become temporarily reconciled with Mdivani, to Beltan-Masses' astonishment, she said that she had never commissioned such a portrait. The painter's attorney, the great Moro Gaffieri, says that the case is so clear that no witnesses will be required.

A FEATURE of his studio is a Japanese album of the accordéon variety. The pages show the strangest collection of autographs in the world, for countless famous ladies, after having been asked to make up their lips carefully and as redly as possible, are then requested to violently kiss a leaf of the album. She then signs it with her name. The result is embarrassing in its revelation of character, most amusing, and rather dangerous. In these days of husband-

"They are requested violently to kiss the leaf of the album"

killers it is a wonder that this method is not adopted as a variation of the Bertillon finger-print system.

LÉON BAILY, the publisher of *L'Intransigeant,* has just inaugurated the cinema theatre, which is a unit of the paper's new building in the Rue Réaumur. The theatre is called Les Miracles, because the original site was a religious meeting-place for the poor, an institution described in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." . . . Baily's idea for cinema programmes is to show motion pictures' relation with news of the day: news-reels, scientific films, comic cartoons and one feature film. The première of the theatre was one of the most chic in Paris, almost everybody whose names were published in the papers the next day having attended. That is to say, if an invitation list were printed beside a list of the people who went, what a difference a few names would make. . . . "Hallelujah" was the chief picture, but nobody saw anything miraculous about it. . . . "Liebeswalzer," with the superb Willy Fritsch, is running at the Studio Diamant in the original German; while French and German versions of "The Blue Angel" run alternately at the Ursulines. . . .

Serge Lifar has been appointed ballet-master at the Opéra, and for several hours Cécile Sorel resigned from the Comédie Française. . . . As she gave a dinner to awed journalists, a dinner served in her gold-dusty flat above Sherry's at the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, complete with husband, the Comte de Segur, a dinner perfectly timed with her resignation, that, perhaps, will be another story. There is nothing like serving news hot to a cold Press with cold bottles and hot birds! . . . They order these things so well in France, and it has been known to work wonders just before the opening of a bad play. . . . A sight of the week has been Antoine, the coiffeur, designing a coiffure for a terrified French girl aged sixteen, pale

A pretty pergola on the Côte d'Azur. A glimpse of the Casino at Juan-les-Pins, now one of the most popular casinos along the Mediterranean coast

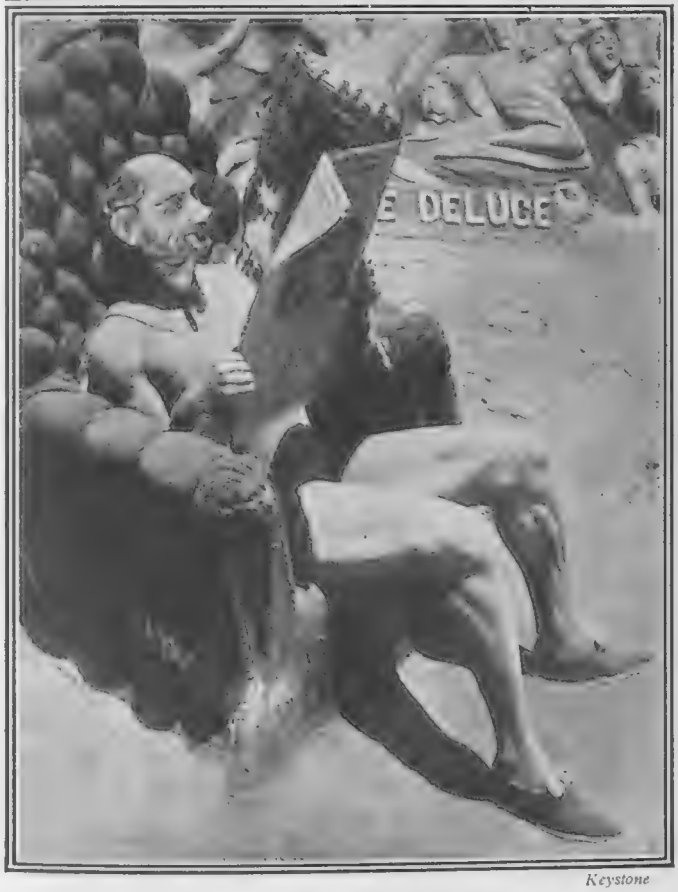
and fat, before the hopeful eyes of her mother and the trained-to-worship eyes of ten of Antoine's employees standing about him in a circle. . . . But the treat of the week was a discovery of a cheese emporium at 41, Rue d'Amsterdam, where over a hundred varieties of cheese can be tasted, together with a biscuit and appropriate wine. . . . *Donagoo,* by Jules Romains, is knocking them over at the Théâtre Pigalle; while Romains' older play, *Dr. Knock,* is again knocking doctors at the Comédie des Champs Elysées. *Donagoo* has twenty-four scenes, while Henry Bernstein's new play, *Jour,* at the Gymnase, has eighteen. The critics seem to think that these "cut" scenes are very modern in idea, but they are about as modern as—Shakespeare. I have as yet been unable to see either *Donagoo* or *Jour,* but am especially anxious to see the latter to see what Bernard Boutet de Monvel has done to the eighteen scenes. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that he has designed for the stage. S. L.

Prince Tokamatzu and Princess Kikuto of Japan arriving at Estoril, in Portugal, to enjoy the sunshine on the Atlantic coast

SOME AMURRICAN UPLIFT!

Mr. L. Waynai, of Los Angeles, showing the huge Bible he has made, doing the printing with a rubber hand stamp, to some youngsters—an instance of the American's love for the gargantuan

The latest whoopee-making device to reach Miami Beach, in Florida, now crowded with visitors, is the water-cycles. Two fair bathers are seen taking their machines, capable of 15 m.p.h., somewhat resembling prehistoric animals, down to the water



Keystone

No, this piece of modelling is not by Epstein! It is the work of a sand artist, whose models are attracting much attention from visitors to Long Beach, the fashionable winter resort in California

Central News

OPTIMISM!

The gigantic mooring mast at the top of the Empire State Building on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York. The mast will be used for giant dirigibles when—and if—they are built

FLYING NOTES

A photograph taken at Le Bourget in front of the luxurious Ford Limousine bought by Lord Lovelace for a trip to Kenya. Standing in front of it are Capt. Higgs, the European manager for the Ford Aircraft Co., Mr. Le Roy Manning, Chief Pilot in the U.S.A., Capt. C. D. Barnard, Lord Lovelace, Mr. C. H. Johnson, Frank, of the Ritz Bar in Paris, Victor, of restaurant and night club fame, and Mr. Bushby, the manager of the Lido, Paris

MAKE 1931 AN AIR YEAR!

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Civil Aviation Chief Appointed

LT.-COL. FRANCIS SHELMERDINE, O.B.E., is to succeed the late Sir Sefton Brancker as Director of Civil Aviation, so the suspense of a department without a leader is ended. Civil aviation is a young and virile force which can be used to great national advantage for the improvement of trade, both directly through its own exports, and indirectly or invisibly, as the economists term it, by means of air transport and other services rendered abroad. Colonel Shelmerdine must receive the same wholehearted support from the Industry as was given to the late D.C.A., not only to assist him in the multifarious duties which Sir Sefton Brancker performed with such success, but to cope with the administration of a business which is already international and growing more complex every day. If everyone would use the Air Mail whenever possible, and air transport whenever it saves time, we could make 1931 an Empire Air Year. In one other respect we can assist the extension of flying, with consequent benefit to ourselves, and that is by insisting that every town throughout the country has its own landing-ground.

Air Society

THE PRINCE OF WALES is sending his private machines to the Argentine, so that he may cover in comfort the long stretches of otherwise tedious travel in this vast country during his coming visit in March. Incidentally, the aviation section of the Exhibition in Buenos Aires will be a very important one, a fact which has not been lost sight of by our foreign competitors who are sending machines to the great Argentine capital for demonstration. Viscount Bearsted, Chairman of the Shell Transport Company, is the latest millionaire to become intimately connected with aviation. He was gazetted an honorary Air Commodore of the County of Warwick Auxiliary Squadron last month. As Henry Ford made his name and fortune by turning out one of the cheapest of all motor cars, it is difficult to imagine his aircraft being other than "flivvers." In actual fact the Ford 3-engined civil machine has the finish and fittings of a Rolls-Royce. Lord Lovelace, with Captain C. D. Barnard as pilot, is now on his way to Kenya with one of this type, which he purchased in Paris after the Aero Show. With accommodation for sleeping, washing, cooking and drinking it should prove most useful in the wide, open spaces, and especially where no regular transport exists at present.

Planet News

A novel scheme at the New Year festivities at Hanworth Air Park. Little Miss 1931 is seen waving farewell to the Old Year as he flies away

Winter Trials

DEMONSTRATIONS of particular aircraft are most effective to the critical observer and the prospective owner during the winter months, because machines are then seen in action under the worst possible conditions. The Spartan, one of which has been on tour recently, is built at Weston, Southampton, and can be had as a three-seater or as a normal two-seater, this latter being known as the "Arrow." These machines have a very wide speed range, being under control at 35 miles per hour and developing round about 100 all out. This makes them easy to operate from small fields owing to the quick take-off and low landing speed. At least two of the Directors of the Company, Lt.-Colonel L. A. Strange, D.S.O., and Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., have been flying for very many years, and their experience has been of great value in producing a machine which has definite utility as well as being cheap to operate. Colonel Strange has a pre-war pilot's certificate dated some time in 1913, and Captain Balfour joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1915. Spartan machines have been particularly successful in Canada.

"The Proof of the Pudding"

THE standard Cirrus Hermes Mark II engine has recently been submitted to a most exacting test by the Air Ministry, when it ran for 100 hours at 2,000 revs. a minute and developed 110 brake horse power. When stripped after the trial everything was in first-class condition, which is pretty good when one considers that every part functioned perfectly at least 12 million times. K.L.G. Plugs, Stanavo Oil and Hoffmann Ball Bearings contributed to the success of the run. The standard Avian is fitted with a Hermes engine, and the wooden model of that machine has a Cirrus Mark III.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

A STATUESQUE GOWN FOR THE LITTLE SEASON

Deceptive simplicity is a salient feature of the evening frocks that are now seen at all important functions. Here is a beautiful model made of lustrous satin in an elusive duck-egg-blue shade. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove. Oblique bands of tiny tucks outline the hips and hold in place the fullness of the skirt, which forms a fantail train at the back. The bodice is softly gathered at the base of the deep V neck

CLEVER ECONOMIES

By Olive Caley Smith

A practical ensemble in black-and-white flecked cloth of two weights, the coat collared with natural lamb. It comes from Swan and Edgar

Fur Coats at Bargain Prices

PEOPLE who lack foresight economise in devious and uncomfortable ways, but those who study this problem intelligently seize every opportunity of saving money without giving up anything. Such chances abound during January, when the winter sales are in progress. For instance, the very charming lace dinner gown sketched at the foot of this page is being reduced from 5½ guineas to 94*s.* 6*d.* at Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road. There is a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. on all fur coats, which range in price from 16½ guineas, while afternoon frocks that have cost from 5½ to 9 guineas may be acquired for £2. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent on request, and would prove a very useful guide.

Day and Evening Ensembles

DELIGHTFUL evening dresses made of net, tucked at the hips and falling in soft folds to the ankles, for only 25*s.*, and afternoon frocks of velveteen for 18*s.* 11*d.* are among the outstanding attractions at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, whose sale is now in progress. Black fancy cloth flecked with white is used for the ensemble at the head of this page. The coat has a collar of natural lamb, and the dress, which is of lighter weight fabric, is relieved with a white suède crêpe vest. It is one of a collection which has been reduced to 4½ guineas. Useful wool jumpers for 12*s.* 11*d.*, quilted silk dressing gowns for 20*s.*, and a large selection of caps and hats for 10*s.* each are other items taken at random from their catalogue.

Distinctive Accessories

FROM January till March are usually the coldest weeks in the year. Those who are in need of a good winter coat will find exceptional bargains awaiting them at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge. Fur-trimmed tweed wraps are available for £6 19*s.* 6*d.* instead of 12½ guineas, while cloth coats enriched with real fur are but 8½ guineas, although they were originally priced at 15½ guineas. Then there are beautiful lamé evening scarves for 40*s.* and heavy crêpe de Chine ones for 5*s.* 11*d.*, to say nothing of fine wash-leather gloves at 7*s.* 6*d.*, and silk stockings which are being sold at less than half-price. Remnants and oddments are being disposed of each Thursday.

Model Gowns and Lingerie

AN event that is always looked forward to with eager interest is Debenham and Freebody's winter sale, which will continue until the 24th. Here one may find original French models and perfect copies which did cost from 28½ to 45 guineas, but are now available for 18½ guineas, evening dresses and coat frocks reduced from 7½ guineas to 98*s.* 6*d.*, and a host of other exciting things. Who would not wish to secure washing satin beauté pyjamas for 39*s.* 6*d.*, or velveteen bridge coats for 25*s.* 9*d.*, while lace tea frocks at 63*s.* are an excellent investment which should not be missed.

Heavy lace is used for this distinguished dinner dress from Gorringes. The very graceful sleeves add to the importance of the coat

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

A REALLY FINE COGNAC LIQUEUR BRANDY

for 25/- a bottle

AGED IN CASK

(the only treatment that matures a Brandy)

for 35 years

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Shippers of Cognac Brandy for the

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Such is CORDON BLEU

Obtainable of all first-class Wine Merchants

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

SHOOTING NOTES

HOTEL SHOOTS — By "Clodhopper"

HOTEL shoots, like hotel salmon and trout fishing, are not as a rule particularly commendable. I have, however, upon occasions experienced quite good sport from but little advertised hotels in the north of Scotland, in the south-west of Ireland, and in some of the wild moorland districts of North Wales, particularly Merionethshire and Anglesey. I have no hesitation in saying, however, that, taken collectively, hotel shoots, especially those which are advertised as the "sanctuaries of thousands of head of game and wildfowl, etc." (I quote a modestly worded advertisement from a sporting contemporary), are, in my experience at any rate, snares and delusions for the capture of unsophisticated sportsmen.

STILL, as mentioned elsewhere, there is passable sport to be obtained on some hotel shoots situated in the more remote corners of the United Kingdom and Ireland. Now that game shooting is to all intents and purposes finished, I strongly advise any "Bystander" who desires to break "fresh ground" and pit his skill against cock, snipe, or wildfowl, to leave his domestic and financial troubles at home, pack a kit-bag, put a copy of that famous Irish snipe-shot and sporting-scribe, Dr. F. W. E. Wagner's delightfully humorous book of Irish shooting sketches, "Father John" (The Brunswick Press, Dublin. Price 1s.) in his pocket to read en route, and pay a visit to the Emerald Isle.

CO. GALWAY no doubt affords some of the finest rough shooting and wildfowling in Ireland, and a friend who recently spent a few weeks in the Carna, Leenane and Letterfrack districts enjoyed really splendid sport with woodcock, snipe, mallard, widgeon, teal, golden and green plover. As a visitor at Mongan's Hotel, Carna, he had some 60,000 acres of free shooting to roam over without "let or hindrance," and although he arrived in the country too late for the grouse they are there to be killed in their proper season. Sportsmen staying at Leenane Hotel have the privilege of shooting over 7,000 acres of excellent moor and snipe-bog. The duck shooting and wildfowling generally, round Killary Bay, are exceptionally good, and there are huge pike awaiting capture in Lough Nafooey, which lies within a comparatively short distance of the hotel. Both of the hotels in question are exceedingly comfortable and most moderate as regards tariff; while the surrounding scenery is simply magnificent.

Sport and General

THE LATE LORD MELCHETT

Whose death occurred recently, was a keen shot. As head of the great Imperial Chemical Industries, he was the presiding genius of the cartridge trade and its associate industry of powder-making

IN Co. Galway and the West of Ireland are to be found other good hotel shoots too numerous to mention within the somewhat narrow limits of my space. And the same remark applies to those in many other parts of the Irish Free State. Apart from hotel shoots, one must not omit to mention that in many instances landowners will allow visiting sportsmen of the "right type" (the "wrong type" haven't the proverbial dog's chance among Irish sportsmen) to shoot over their estates for a small fee, and in some cases entirely free of charge.

IN a great many districts the sporting rights are vested in the Irish Land Commission, who are prepared to let some first-class shoots for one or more seasons at comparatively low rentals. A list of such shootings to be let for next season, with particulars of acreage, rent, etc., may be had on application to the Irish Land Commission, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin. A list of hotel and private shootings open to visitors in the various Irish counties, together with the centres, nearest railway station, acreage, kinds of game to be shot, hire of local gun-dogs, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Irish Tourist Association, Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin.

NO difficulty need be experienced in getting a gun, or guns, into Ireland. It is best, however, to obtain from the Ministry of Justice, Dublin, the necessary permits before crossing. State what guns you purpose taking with you and submit an exact description of each.

Sport and General

The field watching the spaniels at work in the All Ages Stakes during the Southern Counties Gun Dog League's Field Trials. They were held in St. Leonard's Forest, Horsham, recently

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

WINTER FEEDING OF PARTRIDGES

IN years gone by partridges were left to pick up whatever food might be available during the bleak and barren months of late winter. Obviously a bird which thrives best on insects and seed must lose vigour when confined to green food, more especially during prolonged spells of frost which reduce tender tops to an indigestible mess. Should winter continue well into spring they are in but poor fettle to start the exhausting duties of breeding. Wise propaganda has pointed out that the virtual neglect considered appropriate for partridges certainly demands that an exception be made by tiding them over the most difficult season of the year. As a consequence, moderate rations have worked wonders in building up strength at the most necessary time. The best places to feed are where food occurs naturally in climates marked by unbroken drought following the rainy period. That is to say, there is always a supply of split seed, unspoiled by wet, below tangled scrub and other places impenetrable by cattle. Partridges are fond of such covert and no doubt find a fair amount ot food therein. So long as natural supplies receive additions during open weather there is a certainty that the birds know where to go when the occasion demands more liberal feeding. Waste due to others sharing the feast is greatly reduced; thus the result aimed at is gained at minimum cost.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A NEGRO and SOME VERY POOR WHITES

By Ralph Straus

I HAVE been reading two American novels, one about a fairly typical man of colour of the labouring classes, and the other about a little clique of rich people in New York which, no doubt, would consider itself very smart indeed. And, not being an American myself, I can say that I preferred the black fellow to these very poor whites, and this in spite of the fact that his behaviour is very far from being what the police would call quite satisfactory.

MR. GILMORE MILLEN

The author of "Sweet Man" (Cassell: 7s. 6d.), a novel concerning negro life in America. His book is reviewed in these columns

YOU may read of this John Henry in Gilmore Millen's book, *Sweet Man* (Cassell: 7s. 6d.), a remarkable novel in many ways. Its meat is singularly strong, which is not altogether surprising when you learn that a "sweet man" is one who takes advantage of the fact that the women of his race find him irresistible, and allows himself to be kept. A nasty business, you think, and so in a way it is, but there is something to be said for John Henry, who never had much of a chance. His father was white, but left him to be brought up by his mother's people—a jolly youngster, with an eye soon directed on the ladies, and directed thereon with very considerable success. Regrettable, no doubt, but understandable.

YET there is good in the man. These girls who throw themselves at him can be very good fun, but there is work to be done, and John Henry is quite willing to work. In fact, after his marriage there is every likelihood of his doing very well indeed. He is a cotton grower, and had he been white his industry would have speedily met with its due reward; but he is not very clever in his dealings with the white men, and, to put it bluntly, they do him down, do him down so badly that he impolitely consigns them to Hades, loses all his ambitions, leaves his wife, and goes off to "have a good time."

WHY work, he thinks, when you are treated in this way, and when every girl is longing to have you for her lover? He has no public school code to remember, and sinks down to the depths fairly comfortably, and with more than a little strong drink to assist him. White policemen, of course, are sometimes a nuisance, and girls who stab each other on your account can be the devil; but with good clothes on your back and money in your pocket, why worry? The War comes and goes, and John Henry does not change very much. A drunken brawl, during which he stabs a white man, is the cause of his going to prison for three years, and still he does not change, except in so far as his very natural hatred for his father's people and his desire for a white woman both increase.

AND then, while working as a chauffeur in Hollywood, what seems to be the big chance comes his way. He is working for a white woman; she makes love to him. Unfortunately for him, he is very soon not only disgusted but in a mortal funk. It is one thing to leave a black girl when she has ceased to attract you, but a white woman in love with you—— No, he cannot stand it, and in a fury of resentment he shoots both her and himself.

WELL, there it is: a painful business, but it reads all through like the truth. And it has scenes in it the like of which I have rarely, if ever, read elsewhere. The newspapers occasionally report lynchings in the Southern States, but the gorier details are generally omitted. Here you may read of the burning alive of a negro with every harrowing detail in place, and it is about the most ghastly affair that you could imagine. Not, perhaps, the cheeriest of novels with which to begin the New Year; but a very fine picture of a strange world about which few of us over here know anything at all.

SO much for the black man. I pass on to the white, and find certainly a more amusing but hardly a less ineffectual or even less debased panorama. The people in Mr. Wood Kahler's *Smart Setback* (Knopf: 7s. 6d.) have nearly all the bad qualities of John Henry, and cannot claim the excuses that might be made for him. They live (if living it can be called) for the moment. They swim in a sea of cocktails. Occasionally they make love to one another. They have, of course, far too much money, and seem to exist only for those singularly dull parties which enable the gossip-writers to earn their bread and butter.

IN the last year I must have read five or six novels which attempt to paint these "wild" parties, and they all seem to be precisely the same—dull and monotonous and boring. Mr. Kahler, it is true, allows his people occasionally to say a witty thing, but they are a miserable lot, drunk or sober. It is difficult to become interested in them, even

Lafayette

MR. J. W. DULANTY, C.B., C.B.E.

The recently appointed High Commissioner in London of the Irish Free State. He has the gift of organisation to a high degree, and his appointment is welcomed both in England and Ireland

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

when their love affairs become more than usually complicated. There is, I admit, some attempt at a story—one of the women is given an object in life—but it all seems to be very much ado about nothing at all. I should like to see John Henry, considerably the better for drink, let loose in their midst and wearing thick football boots. He, I imagine, would really enjoy himself, but these anæmic folk are incapable of enjoying anything at all.

THERE is a little story from Italy which is well worth reading. This is *The Three Thieves* (Howe: 6*s.*), by Umberto Notari. It was originally published at the beginning of the century, but is only now translated. Fortunately, this does not matter, and you can enjoy its satire to-day just as keenly as did the Italians upon its first appearance. Who, precisely, are the three thieves? About two of them there is no doubt at all. One is a sneak-thief known as Tapioca, who lives in an attic and never steals more than a few pence at a time. The second is one of the big men, who spends months engineering a "job" and moves in the highest society. But who is the third? It may be the rich man, in whose house one night Tapioca and the second man meet, but it may be the rich man's wife, who has returned unexpectedly with him, at a time, too, when a very large sum of money has been put away in the safe.

YOU can imagine the scene in the middle of the night when the burglars are disturbed Tapioca naturally is off at once. The big man, however, plays the good old comedy card, and remains to make love to the wife. But you can hardly imagine the sequel, when Tapioca is accused of stealing the millions, and, during his trial, becomes the most famous man in the country. The trial, and in particular its hilarious ending, is a tit-bit of satire; but the whole book is most entertaining, and it seems curious that it should have had to wait so long for its English dress.

ANOTHER translation which I can recommend to your notice is "Eva" (Gollancz: 6*s.*), by Jacques Chardonne. This is a book which is chiefly remarkable for what is omitted. You are given short extracts from a journal which a married man, deeply devoted to his wife, keeps from time to time. They are very ordinary extracts, such as anybody might make, but pieced together they make up a singularly moving story. From them you slowly become aware that so far from being the paragon he thinks her, the man's wife is cruel and selfish and worthless. She ruins his career, she deprives him of his friends, and, finally, when he has nothing more to give her, she goes off with an old admirer.

THERE have been many hen-pecked husbands in fiction, but nobody quite like the man of this diary. It is easy to say, of course, that he has only himself to blame. He ought to have discovered what manner of woman he had married years before he does. No doubt he ought to have knocked her about or played he-man in some way or other, and asserted himself. But, as most of the poets have been telling us for centuries, love takes pleasure in blinding a man, and this man remains in love even when he knows the truth. It is a most attractive book.

I MUST add a word about R. H. Gretton's *Modern History, 1880-1922* (Secker: 12*s.* 6*d.*). On two previous occasions I have called attention to parts of this admirable book, and now you may have the whole of it in a single volume. Most histories seem to be very far away from you; here is history in which you yourself took part. It is well written, well balanced, and—lively; the kind of book not only to be consulted on some particular point, but to be read through, and more than once, for its brilliant story.

A WORD, to end with, about Oscar Wilde. He has now been dead for thirty years, and that means to say that any publisher who cares to pay a 10 per cent. royalty to the owner of the copyright can reprint any of his works which were published before his death. So we shall soon have omnibus Wildes, and illustrated Wildes, and Wildes of all sorts and sizes. And already there is one in the field. There is a new *Everyman* (Dent: 2*s.*), which not only contains "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Lady Windermere's Fan," but "The Picture of Dorian Gray," which shocked so many good people in the days of long ago, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and one or two of the essays. Surely good measure for a florin. R. S.

Plane. News

Mrs. Michael Arlen, the wife of the popular novelist, with her baby son born last month. Before her marriage she was the Countess Atalanta Mercati

Dudley Glanfield

MRS. BASIL FOSTER

An exclusive photograph of Mrs. Basil Foster, the wife of the well-known actor-manager, and her baby. Her husband is playing in "Leave It To Psmith," the amusing farce enjoying a long and successful run at the Shaftesbury Theatre

HOLIDAY MEETS IN DIVERSE WEATHER

Hounds working a wood near Bagshot following a meet of the Garth at the Cricketers' Inn, Bagshot. Colonel F. G. Barker, C.B.E., is the Master of this famous pack, which numbers fifty-five couple

Sport and General

Fox Photo

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) meet in the rain in the old market-place at Cirencester. It was while hunting with this pack recently that Lady Apsley severely injured her back when her horse rolled on her

Topical

A driving snowstorm descended on the scene when the York and Ainsty met at Scriven Park, Knaresborough, under the Mastership of Lord Mountgarret

Keystone

Lord Cowdray, M.F.H., at a meet of the Cowdray on the common at Midhurst. He and his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, are Joint-Masters and Huntsmen of the pack

MOTOR NOTES

TOURS WITHOUT TEARS — By E. M. Wright

Reggie Meen, the heavyweight boxer, who recently met Primo Carnera at the Albert Hall, when the Italian scored the easiest of victories. He is seen with the Singer Six, of which he took delivery recently from the Leicester Colmore Depot

SPEAK as we will of the delights of winter motoring, every motorist who can is hurrying South in search of sunshine. In times gone by everyone who mattered took the Blue Train, but yearly more are motoring to the Riviera. The advantages of having a car for holiday runs whilst staying on the Riviera are so obvious that it is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon them. Many, however, still have a grossly exaggerated idea of the cost and difficulty of foreign touring. It is not unduly expensive, nor is it in the least troublesome or difficult. Armed with the necessary papers, the triptyque or the Customs carnet, the international travelling pass, passports and so forth, a motorist can tour abroad almost as easily as he tours at home. But it is merely asking for trouble to attempt to procure these papers oneself. Motorists who intend taking their cars abroad should make their arrangements through the A.A. or the R.A.C., who will obtain all the necessary documents and give full and explicit instructions regarding their use.

A VERY real difficulty which deters many from touring abroad is the altered rule of the road and ignorance of Continental traffic regulations. Keeping to the right, instead of to the left, is not so hard as some would imagine. Ignorance, however, of the traffic regulations, particularly in a city like Paris, is liable to involve motorists in endless inconvenience, trouble and delay. To help British motorists in France the R.A.C. have just recently brought out an English translation of the French "Code de la Route" and the various police regulations in Paris. In addition, this booklet contains a section on foreign touring and a handy little glossary of technical terms which should prove invaluable to British motorists who have to dock their cars for adjustments or repairs.

IT is commonly supposed that there is no speed limit in France. There is certainly no general limit corresponding to our own late-lamented 20 m.p.h. rule. But in towns and villages, and on certain stretches of road, speed limits are imposed, and notices to this effect must be strictly obeyed. In Paris, in the wee sma' hours, motorists must drive sufficiently slowly for it to be unnecessary to use the horn at crossings and road junctions. A point about stopping anywhere is that cars must never be left with the engines running. The stopping, "You may pass," and the turning signals are the same as in this country.

ONE regulation which every tourist should know by heart is the priority rule at crossings. The general rule is: "Give way to traffic approaching on the right," *i.e.*, the French near side. The *only* exception is that *outside towns and villages* traffic on a Route Nationale takes priority over all other traffic, though naturally where two Routes Nationales intersect the general rule applies. With regard to lights, although motorists with international travelling passes are exempt from the stringent regulations regarding dimming devices, they must either dim or switch off their headlights when meeting oncoming vehicles, when in dense traffic, when in well-lighted streets, and when passing through towns and villages. Speed must be reduced at the moment of dimming.

SOME of the road signs may puzzle the novice. They all have a triangular background and are usually placed 200 yards before the obstruction, of which warning is given. The cross, the zigzag and the triangle need no explanation. A sign roughly representing two hillocks gives warning of a channel across the road. These are usually found near villages, and it is advisable to drive cautiously as some are very deep. Level crossings, which are far more numerous in France than in England, are indicated either by a sign representing a gate or by one representing an engine. The latter gives warning of an entirely unprotected crossing with no barrier to prevent traffic crossing in front of approaching trains. The best advice in such cases is that given under similar circumstances in America: "Stop, look, listen." At night when a barrier is

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce photographed with members of the reception committee at Osaka after her solo flight from England to Japan. The official car, in front of which she is standing, is a Cadillac

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

closed the crossing keeper must be called from his house to open it. On main roads a bell (sonnette de nuit) is sometimes provided. When negotiating mountain roads look out for signs showing whether passing is allowed or not, the respective signs being "dépassements autorisés" and "dépassement interdit." When passing, touring cars carrying passengers have preference over charabancs, etc., plying for hire.

IN Paris itself there are a number of important regulations which must be strictly observed. Trams may only be passed on the right, or near side, and only when they are on the move. Trams, too, have the right of way. Where special crossing places are provided for pedestrians anyone who is actually crossing has the right of way and motorists must be ready to stop or slow down. On the other hand, where special crossing places are provided pedestrians are forbidden to cross except at such points; and where the traffic is regulated by policemen pedestrians are only permitted to cross the road when the traffic is held up. The sign at the entrance to a one-way street is "sens unique," and the corresponding sign at its exit is "sens interdit." Incidentally, the one-way rule does not apply in early hours of the morning.

AS regards parking and halting, cars must never be stopped on the right of a post office, or in front of the main door of a house. They must always be facing in the direction of the traffic. When stopping at houses they must draw up in front of odd street numbers on odd days of the month, and in front of even street numbers on even days. Parking in the central area on week-days is either forbidden or very strictly limited. Some of the special parking places are free. At others where a uniformed attendant is in charge a fee must be paid. The respective signs are: "parc de stationnement libre" and "parc gardé." We are still apt to imagine that traffic in Paris and in France generally does as it pleases. As a matter of fact there is probably more regulation than in England. But provided one knows the rules, there should be no more difficulty in negotiating a Parisian thoroughfare than an equally crowded one in the centre of London.

Mr. Charles Harrison piloting Mr. J. W. Shillan's "Non Sequitur III." This craft recently set up a world's record of 52·09 m.p.h. on River Medina, at Cowes

IN THE NEWS

Britain's Petrol

THE revolution in the oil industry brought about by motors and motoring was referred to by Mr. F. E. Powell, chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., at the sea trials off the Tyne of the company's latest motor-driven tanker, Appalachee. Mr. Powell, recalling the launch of a previous tanker of that name in 1894, said that whereas the world's production of petroleum then was only 12,000,000 tons, they now produced that quantity in America alone every month, and the world's production had multiplied sixteen to seventeen times. Britain was one of the world's largest consumers of petroleum products. The motor spirit trade of the country had increased from 476,000,000 tons in 1924 to 950,000,000 for 1930—and the end was not yet. The world no longer feared a shortage of oil, and with a certainty of supply there was bound to be a further rapid increase. E. M. W.

Avoid Gout

THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water have won for it the world-wide fame in the treatment of ***gout*** and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes,* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

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Throat dry and sore?

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During January the Totalisator will be in operation at

GATWICK . .	Jan. 9–10	LEICESTER . . (Mechanised.)	Jan. 19–20
HAYDOCK PARK .	Jan. 9–10	NEWBURY . .	Jan. 21–22
DERBY . . .	Jan. 12–13	WINDSOR . .	Jan. 23–24
LINGFIELD PARK (One building in Paddock only.)	Jan. 14–15	NOTTINGHAM . (Mechanised.)	Jan. 26–27
HURST PARK. . (Mechanised.)	Jan. 16–17	SANDOWN . .	Jan. 28–29
		KEMPTON . .	Jan. 30–31

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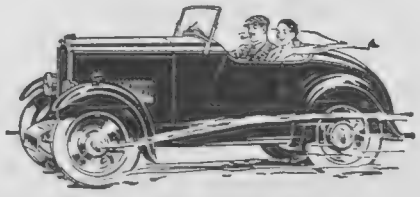

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DOGS

TWO IMPORTANT SHOWS By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE are two big shows in the near future, both well worth a visit, that of the specialist show, the Alsatian League, which is being held on the 5th of February at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, and Cruft's a few days later. Talking of Alsatians reminds me that they are now officially known as "Alsatians" tout court, the "Wolf-Dog" having been dropped. It was a mistake ever having used this name, as, naturally, there is no wolf blood in them any more than there is fox in a fox-terrier. Strictly speaking, they should be called "German Shepherd Dogs" by which name they are known in every other country in the world, but people have grown fond of them under the name of Alsatian over here, and it is probable that the name will stick for ever.

NOT long ago they seemed to have fallen out of public favour, but once again they have leaped to the front and puppies are eagerly snapped up. Like all breeds, the nice ones are delightful and the nasty ones are horrid. Perhaps their most lovable trait is their devotion to children.

CRUFT'S show is always a marvellous sight and a spectacle that should be visited. In the old days it was truly an International show, but quarantine regulations have altered that; however, it is still a place where you see the cream of every breed and where many new ones make their appearance.

Sport and General

The first annual competition for kennel maids responsible for the training of Great Danes for racing was held recently at the Send Kennels. The winner, Miss Field, is seen with the Challenge Vase. The dogs are the Champion Lancelot of Send and Rhauva of Send

Answer to Correspondent

E. R.—All parasites can be eradicated if properly treated. First of all clip the hair close to the skin. Then rub in thoroughly every day Pyrethrum powder. You will get this from any chemist. After ten days' treatment bath with coal tar soap. Repeat dressings and bath until absolutely clear. Change his bedding frequently and scrub out places where he usually lies. Every morning give a dessertspoonful of olive oil. Put plenty of fat in food and give a daily feed of Terrier meal soaked in gravy. He should also have dog biscuit broken up and mixed with scraps from the table. Give regular exercise and allow free access to fresh drinking water.—M.R.C.V.S.

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog if, when required, you will communicate with me.

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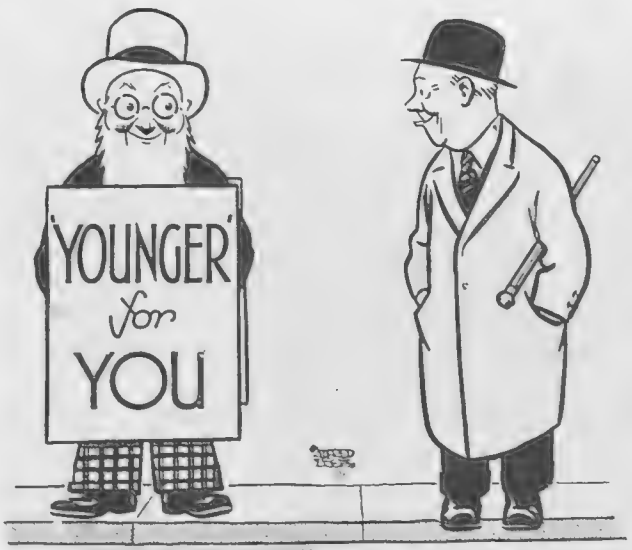

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

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BRAISED TURKEY.

BAVAROIS DE CHOCOLAT.

LOBSTER CANAPÉS.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Orlys de Huîtres

BLANCH some large oysters, press them slightly between two dishes till cold. Then slit them open without quite severing them—squeeze a lemon juice inside, and fold the oysters together again. Dip them in some frying batter and fry in hot fat till quite crisp. Drain and pile them high on a fish paper, and garnish with cut lemon and fried parsley.

Braised Turkey

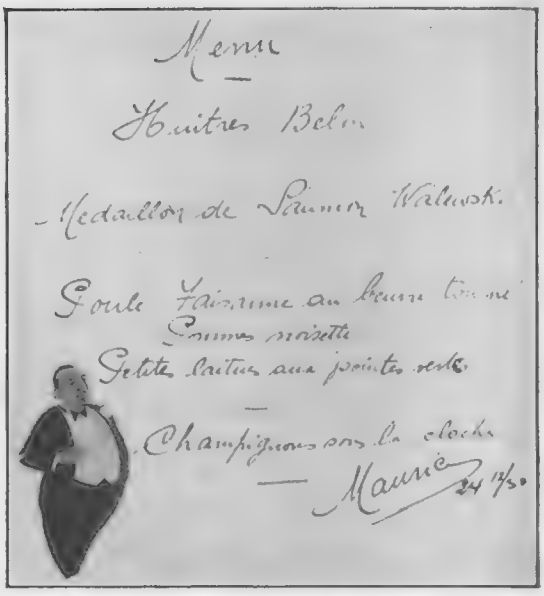
PUT ¼ lb. of butter into a large stewpan with 1 lb. of lean bacon cut into small pieces. Let them cook for a few minutes, then lay in the bird, placing it breast downwards. Cook it slowly over a moderate heat until it is a nice colour. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir well till the gravy thickens, then add two quarts of stock and, when on the point of boiling, a carrot, a turnip cut in slices, a few button onions, some parsley, thyme, and a glass of wine. Stew very gently for four hours or less, according to the size of the bird. Remove it and keep it hot. Put vegetables and sauce together into a small stewpan, simmer them for a few minutes, skimming off the fat as it rises. Dish up the turkey, arrange the vegetables round it with alternate heaps of cooked chestnuts, and pour the sauce over.

Bavarois de Chocolat

GRATE ¼ lb. of chocolate and put into a saucepan with 2 ozs. of castor sugar, a little vanilla, and half a pint of milk. Simmer until the chocolate is melted. Add ½ oz. of gelatine and stir until dissolved. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, pour the chocolate mixture over them, return to the saucepan and stir till it thickens (it must not boil), strain into a basin, and when cool add a gill of cream and half a glass of Marsala. Pour into a mould to set.

Lobster Canapés

FRY some slices of bread in clarified butter. Spread one side of the rounds with lobster butter, place a nice piece of cooked lobster meat in the centre of each, and garnish with a row of capers round the lobster. Sprinkle over a little paprika pepper and garnish with sprigs of parsley. This savoury can be served either hot or cold.



The menu of a supper served at the Trocabaret at the Trocadero Restaurant, presided over by the genial Maurice, who has signed it. An impression of him is seen on the left

"Do you always kiss your husband when he comes home from the office?"

"Of course. How else could I tell if he had been drinking?"

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Superlative in Fountain Pens

Three hundred operations are, we are told, required to produce the hand-crafted Waterman's "Patrician"; and the same, also, is true of Waterman's "Lady Patricia." Both attain the superlative in fountain pen production. Both combine beautiful colours with the well-known Waterman's writing efficiency which for nearly half-a-century has set the standard for the World. The "Lady Patricia," particularly suitable for ladies, is produced in Persian, jet and onyx, at 21s.; pencil to match, 12s. 6d. It is slender, dainty and beautiful—a really exquisite pen. The "Patrician," a man's pen, is in turquoise, emerald, onyx, nacre and jet, and costs 42s.; matching pencil 21s.; It is a big pen, with large ink capacity, and a wonderfully pliable gold nib. Stationers and jewellers everywhere are showing the complete range, and both the "Lady Patricia" and the "Patrician" can be obtained in charming cases—"Lady Patricia" Pen and Pencil Set 33s. 6d., and "Patrician" Pen and Pencil Set 63s.—for gifts for any occasion. The new Pen Book may be obtained free from L. G. Sloan, Ltd.; The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, which illustrates other Waterman's pens and pencils.

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Now that everybody has so much correspondence and other literary work that simply must be typed, a typewriter is among the real necessities in nearly every home. One of the most popular, and deservedly so, is the Underwood Portable, a very handy machine with a light touch, and very easily manipulated. It is quiet to work, can be easily transported anywhere, and is made in several attractive colours, in addition to black. The price of the Underwood Portable is 14 guineas, or it can be purchased on easy terms, if preferred. All further details can be obtained from the Underwood Typewriter Co., Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2.

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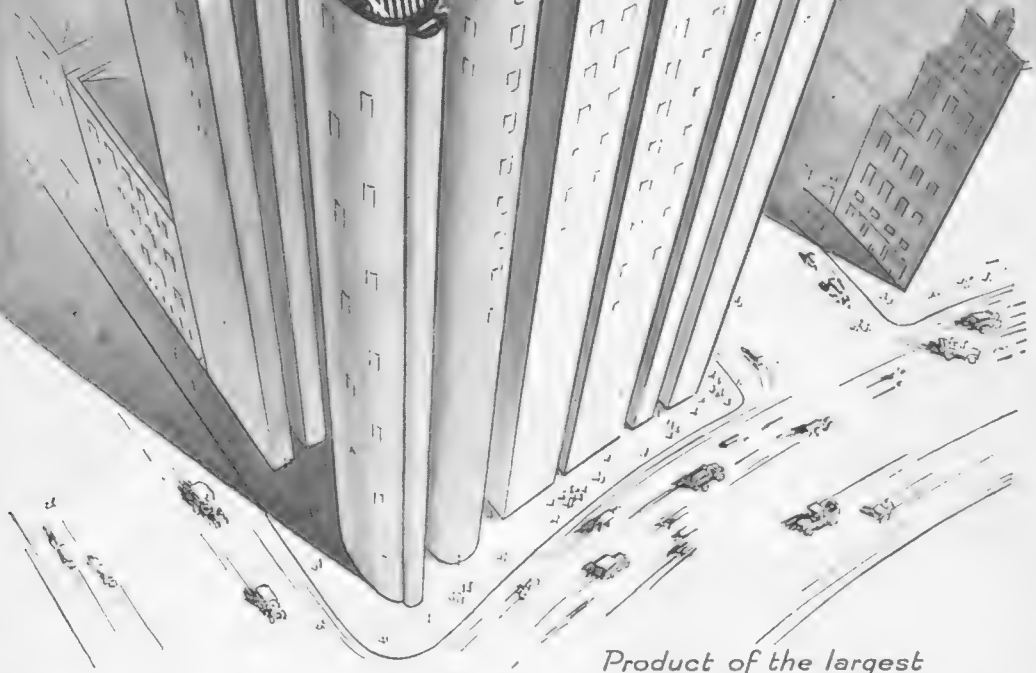

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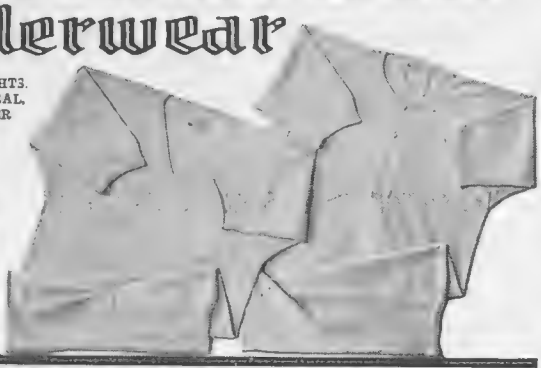

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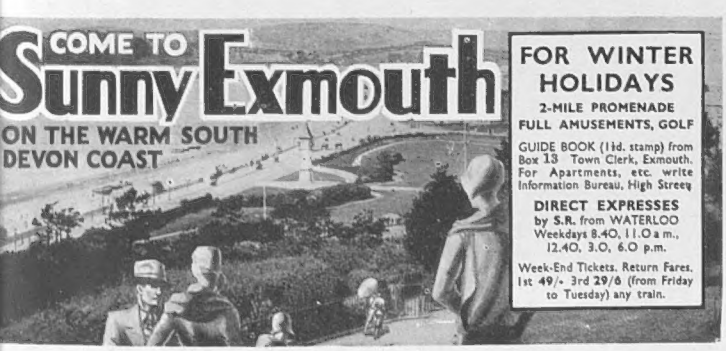

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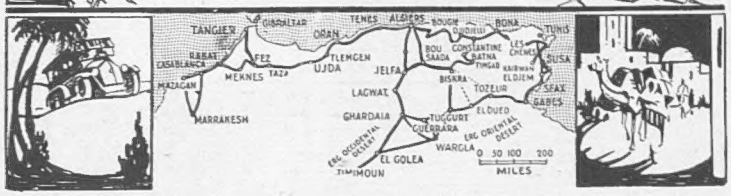

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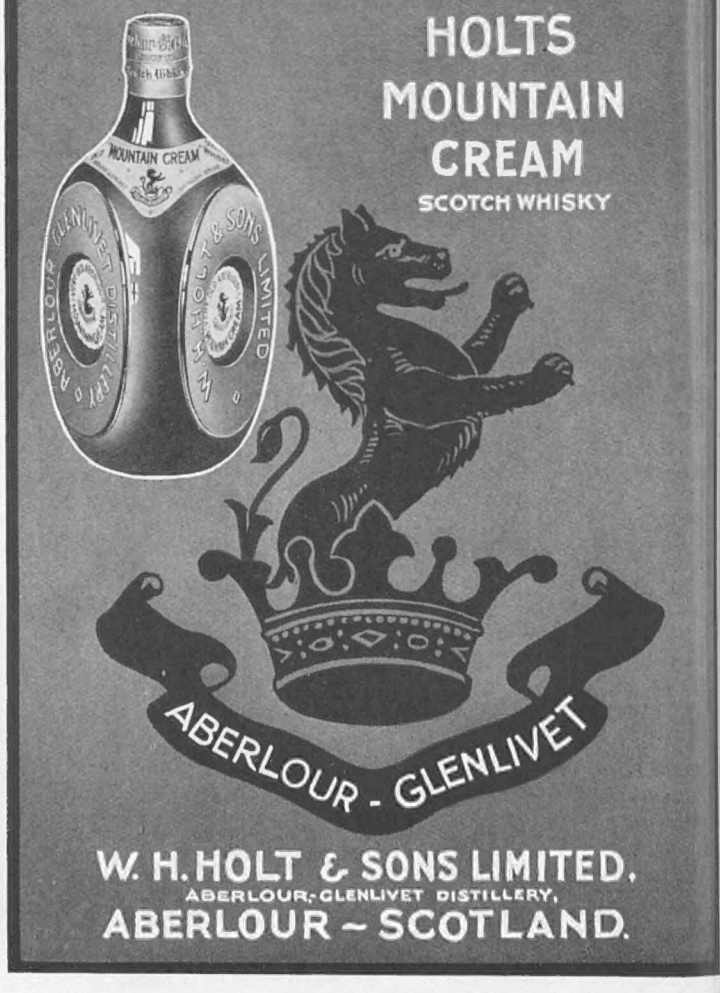

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